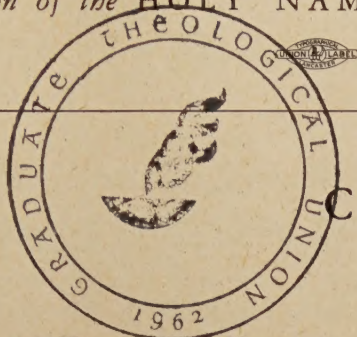


THE HOLY NAME JOURNAL

The only official publication of the HOLY NAME SOCIETY in the United States

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Sides

Throughout the centuries a sacred regard for the name of God was maintained by the Jews. From their extraordinary practices we of today can learn much, and FRANK E. NIESET of the Josephinum, the Pontifical Institute in Worthington, Ohio, is our guide in "Holy Is The Name."

A brief reminder about the laybrotherhood in the institutes of the church is another valuable piece of interest to men. ROBERT H. JOHNSON, S.J., of Milford, Ohio, writes "The Lay Brothers—They Also Serve."

Two extraordinary men of the Church are the subjects of "American's Only Priest-Congressman," by TIMOTHY F. BARRETT, and "An American Prelate," by STEPHEN MURRAY. The years and many other circumstances separated Father Richard and Cardinal Dougherty, but each left to the Church the legacy of a busy, dedicated lifetime.

What with current prices and values, money is a disheartening topic of conversation, but you won't find BARRY FORD depressing in "The Way Money Talks."

COVER PICTURE: John Desmond, of St. Dominic's Church, Detroit, lights the candles for Mass.

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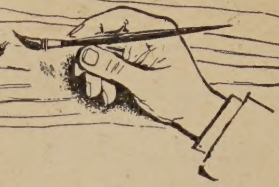
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Editorial Page



V. 42
1952

For The New Year

The first issue of the Holy Name Journal for this year of 1952 gives the editorial staff the opportunity of expressing to the subscribers of the magazine and to all members of the Holy Name Society our hopes for a blessed and happy New Year. It is the fervent prayer of the Journal staff that Almighty God, throughout the coming year, continues to bless the Society founded to honor His Name. We also beg God's help be given to each unit of the Holy Name Society as well as to the individual members of the Society in order that the year 1952 be the most spiritual of all the years of our existence. May God bless all Holy Name men and friends of the Confraternity during the coming year.

A Needed Resolution

As a new year begins its inexorable movement toward eternity there are many people who will make a few of the customary New Year Resolutions. Undoubtedly many members of the Holy Name Society will make such resolutions. It would be well, however, for all members of the Society to make a particular resolution which would be of inestimable value for the good of the individual soul, one's own soul. This resolution would be to cultivate an appreciation of the statement of Christ, "Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

In an age when the human senses are bombarded continuously by all manner of publicity media with highpressure advertising extolling various products, which products many times are unnecessary for or even sometimes are harmful to the good of a man's soul or body, it is well to reflect occasionally on the state of our own desires. A few individuals, not necessarily in the advertising business, maintain a man's real happiness is possible only when he has acquired vast possessions or attained an exalted position in the government or business world. But such is a false supposition. If prestige or possessions are considered

so important in life then a man would be interested mainly in created things, whose use is permitted mankind by God but which must not be considered the highest of all desires in themselves. Too, the maintaining of such a theory contradicts God's Law, since the created things would usurp the place of God Himself in the hierarchy of values.

Individuals who have such a strong desire for the riches or exalted positions of the social sphere in which they work or move would find, if they analyzed their desires, that their wants are kept alive because they imagine huge sums of money will free them from fear of poverty. The desire for a higher position than is now possessed is often the result of believing such a position will assure freedom of domination by others. How silly! When an individual receives the desired material possessions his satisfaction with them is short-lived. In like manner, no matter how high the position attained, the man in business or government finds there is always subjection to a higher authority, even if that authority be merely the rules and regulations through which he has been promoted.

Christ demanded of His followers a detached view of material wealth. While it is permissible to have wealth enough to purchase things needed, yet it is not good for a man to forget the Law of God in his striving for wealth. The human soul, made in God's image and likeness, is the most important part of the creature known as man. Christ stressed how foolish a man would be to have all the wealth and position he desired if he thereby lost the opportunity for the eternal vision for which he was created.

The man who makes a New Year Resolution to try and appreciate better Christ's statement "Blessed are the poor in spirit" will find his worries in regard to material wealth lessened. He will be granted the ability to see in true perspective how wealth and position are regarded in the sight of God. His understanding will enable him to direct properly his own life toward the end for which he was created, eternal life with Almighty God.

HOLY IS THE NAME

by Frank E. Nieset

"He that blasphemeth the name of the Lord, dying let him die."

IT SEEMS the men of the Holy Name are not the only ones, nor by far the first, to pledge respect for the name of God. The Jews were scrupulous observers of devotion to it. They had different titles for God, one of which being the truest and most perfect form, they dared not even pronounce. This was *Jahweh* or *Yahweh* and denotes the personal or individual God. It means "He who is" or "He who causes things to be." Elohim is another name for God, but it denotes more the idea of his nature, his deity.

But the word *Yahweh* was not for common use. For the Jews it meant *the* name, the great name, the only name, the glorious and terrible—hidden and mysterious name, the name of the substance, the proper name. When the letters for *Yahweh* occurred in the Bible, the Jews got around the need of pronouncing it by reading another word, *Adonay* or *Adonai*. This is equivalent to *Lord*. When the combination *Adonay Yahweh* occurred, they read it as *Adonay Elohim, Lord God*, never *Adonay Yahweh*.

This is where *Jehovah* enters the scene. Nowadays one is likely to associate the word *Jehovah* with Witness records, *Watchtowers*, and refusal to salute the flag. Few seem to realize any more that the word means God, that *Jehovah's Witnesses* means God's witnesses. In reality, *Jehovah* is a mistaken form of *Yahweh*, dating from at least the fourteenth century, but the main reason for

this error is so admirable, in a way, that it is truly a shame there have not been more of this same type. The mistake rises from the Jews' veneration for the name of God, from their practice of substituting *Adonay* for *Yahweh*, and from the nature of their language.

Hebrew, the tongue of the Jews, places emphasis on consonants and writes them about five times as large as the vowels. Sometimes the vowels are entirely omitted, but when they are written, they appear under the consonant they are supposed to follow—so many little dots and strokes. So a Hebrew in writing the word *min* (from) would write a large M and N. Under the M he would write one dot signifying the vowel "i." A sentence in English written the Hebrew way will give a better and more complete example. Of course Hebrew is written from right to left instead of left to right, and books in Hebrew begin at what we call the back, and work forward to what we call the front.

XS RFB KCB YRRH TSM H TB NWT T
G T RC M WRRB NC MJ

REMEMBER the sentence starts at the right side. The first word, then, starts with J, then a vowel, and ends with M. The second word starts with C, then a vowel, then N. This line as it stands, is an example of what the "unpointed script" (as it was called when written without vowels) would look like.

Since the vowels were placed directly beneath the consonants they were sup-

posed to follow, the sentence above would be like this in the Hebrew language:

XS RFB KCB YRRH TSM H TB NWT T G
i eoe a u u e u o o o
T RC M WRRB NC MJ
o a y o o a i

To simplify the idea, the letters can be written in the left-to-right English order to make the words look more natural:

JM CN BRRW M CR T G T TWN BT H
i a o o y a o o o o u e
MST HRRY BCK BFR SX
u u a eoe i

With the letters flattened out into the form to which we are accustomed, the solution is:

Jim can borrow my car to go to town but he must hurry back before six.

With this bit of technique down, an explanation of the mechanics of the classical error's development is more simple. At first the Bible was written only in the consonantal or unpointed script. Later on the vowels were added. The difficulty arising was this: which vowels should be placed with the consonants for *Yahweh*? To put in the regular vowels for the sacred YHWH (YHWH) might possibly lead to making that sacred word commonplace. Still, in copying the Bible, the Jews did not want to alter the original text in any way. So they made little foot notes of grammatical corrections or changes to be made when reading the passages. Under the revered letters YHWH the vowels for *Adonay* were written, but the reader

was supposed to substitute the *whole word* Adonay. Instead, through ignorance or carelessness, there developed the practice of combining the vowels of Adonay with the consonants in the text, YHWH. This brought about YHWH

^{a o a} or Yahowah, instead of either correct form, Yahweh or even Adonay. But how does Yahowah get to be Jehovah?

A little more Hebrew: The initial Y is changed to its equivalent, I or J, as the rules for transcribing the letters of one language into another dictate. In this same way in Latin, Jesus may be printed *Jesus* or *Iesus*. By a like process of transcription, the W becomes a V. The first A of Adonay is actually a composite form of E, an alternate form which is required only in certain cases. So when the vowel came to be written under the Y or J of YHWH and the case demanding this A no longer existed, the regular E was inserted according to the ordinary regulations. This leaves the vowels of Adonay to be EOA. Attached to the JHVH the result is JHVH or, as we more often see it, ^{e o a} J E H O V A H. This is something of a masterpiece of man-made-words, since it is intrinsically artificial, a mere device, and a mistake besides.

But it is interesting to note what great esteem the Jews must have had for the name of God to demand such a scheme of substitution for speaking of Him, and what could be its cause.

Leviticus, XXIV, 16 gives a clue to mystery: And he that blasphemeth the name of the Lord, dying let him die: all the multitude shall stone him, whether he be a native or a stranger. He that blasphemeth the name of the Lord, dying let him die.

Ecclesiasticus XXIII, 10, seems to condemn only the wanton use of God's name: And let not the naming of God be usual in thy mouth; and meddle not with the names of saints; for thou shalt not escape free from them.

AFTER the Babylonian captivity, the Jews pronounced the hallowed name only on the rarest occasions. In fact this reverence had so increased that, by the

time of Christ, only the high priest at the moment of the solemn benediction could utter it, and then in a whisper. After the destruction of the Temple of Jerusalem in 70 A.D., no one at all was allowed to use this name. Earlier, the priests in the Temple (or perhaps in the whole city of Jerusalem) might employ the sacred title, but those in the country or outside the city were only

Lightly On The Tongue

Sensitiveness has not characterized Christians in their use of the name of God. Possibly it might have been otherwise had the very word given in the Second Commandment, Jahveh, come into general use. As it is, the word God, and its equivalent Deus, Dieu, Dio, Gott, etc. is of obscure origin and meaning. Probably, according to the Oxford Dictionary, it is from the Arian root Gheu, meaning the One to Whom sacrifice is offered or Who is invoked. But no one thinks of that. "God" means the Supreme Being, and the word is used and just as freely abused. "My God!" "Mon Dieu!" "Dio Mio!" "Mein Gott!" come lightly on the tongue, betraying a lack of reflection very far from what is required by the stern command: Thou shalt not take the Name of the Lord, thy God, in vain.

—W. V. McEvoy, O.P.

permitted to use the word Adonay, according to custom.

And even when it was allowed, the pronunciation of the word Yahweh had to be done with the greatest care and devotion. Perhaps the best comparison to New Testament times would be the manner in which the priest at Mass pronounces the words of consecration: slowly, deliberately, distinctly, syllable by syllable. To the Jews the disrespectful use of the name of God in early times, or later on the mere mention of the word regardless of what the situation might be, was as much an offense as offering incense to the pagan gods, or as stepping on a crucifix would be for Christians.

No wonder then, that not even by offering the greatest allurements and bribes could Leusden tempt a certain

poor Jew to say this word. In Sanhedrin x,1, Abba Shaul refuses any share in the future life to those who pronounce this word as it is written. The historian Josephus states that he is not even allowed to treat of the name.

Not only was the honored Yahweh not to be pronounced, but to avoid any semblance of disrespect, the Jews made changes in their system of counting. They used letters for numbers, much as we would in an outline: A B C or 1 2 3. But since any combination of the letters YHWH might lead to the pronunciation (however accidental) of the divine name, the regular order was modified to prevent any levity. Y signified 10, H stood for 5. So 15 would have been 10 plus 5 or YH. But YH begins the holy word YHWH. So instead of these two letters that would have been used in the regular succession, the Jews wrote TW instead, T standing for 9, and W for 6.

To discover that such fear of calling upon the name of God is extreme, and even a bit absurd, we need only recall St. Thomas' confession of faith when he saw the wounds of the risen Christ and called out, "My Lord and My God!" Had there been anything wrong in so imploring the name of the Almighty for mercy and forgiveness, Christ would certainly have made an issue of the occasion. On the other hand, *misuse* of God's name should still be feared as it was in the Old Law. There is no mincing of words in that statement of the penalty due for blasphemy—"dying let him die: all the multitude shall stone him. . ."

The Holy Name man might learn something from the Jews even in their exaggeration. First of all, there should be the respect itself due God's name; secondly, there should be wholesome fear of disrespect. The utmost sanctity of the precious name of our Saviour should hallow the lips of men and stir the hearts in which it is treasured. The Holy Name must be sacrosanct of all names. The Holy Name of Jesus is salvation, sweetness, and hope. In our every utterance of the name let our tongues sound the majesty and might and love of the Lord God.

An American Prelate

by Stephen Murray

The great talents of Dennis Cardinal Dougherty served Holy Mother Church well.

IT WAS THE GREATEST HONOR ever to fall on any American prelate—that of carrying the authority of the Pope to the far ends of the earth, of bestowing the Apostolic Blessing as by the living hands of the Supreme Shepherd.

When it was decided to hold the Thirty-Third International Eucharistic Congress in Manila, the Philippine Islands, a delegate was needed to bear the Pontiff's blessing and to represent the Pontiff's authority from Rome. Choice for the honored task fell on 72-year-old Dennis Cardinal Dougherty, Archbishop of Philadelphia. As *legatus a latere* he not only spoke with the Pope's authority but was entitled to the same honors that would be accorded the Holy Father were he present in person. No other American had ever been assigned the honor.

Everyone delighted in the Cardinal's preference, in the four-square, stocky theologian who carried his years with seemingly no effort at all, who had worked for the Church for well over 50 years in Rome, in Buffalo, in Philadelphia and in the Philippine Islands. It was fitting that he should preside at the Congress in Manila, for he had been the man who fought for and preserved the faith in the Philippine Islands, following the crucial days after the Spanish-American War.

Dennis Dougherty was born just at the conclusion of the Civil War, on August 16, 1865. He first saw the light of day in Girardville, Schuylkill County, Pennsylvania, now a part of metropolitan Philadelphia. He attended the public schools, there being no

parochial schools in either Ashland or Girardville. At 14 he applied for entrance to St. Charles Seminary at Overbrook, Pennsylvania, to study for the priesthood, but the authorities of the school considered him too young for the work. Instead he went to St. Mary's College in Montreal for two years. While there he mastered the French language. Again he applied for entrance to St. Charles Seminary and took the entrance examination. To their chagrin, the school authorities were compelled to allow the youngster to skip the first and second grades, as he was that far advanced in his studies.

The faculty was literally amazed at the brilliance of Dennis Dougherty. His Bishop accordingly sent him to the North American College in Rome in 1885, where he spent five years studying philosophy and theology, while waiting to be old enough for ordination. He was ordained in Rome on May 31, 1890, by His Eminence Lucido Maria Cardinal Parocchi, Vicar-General of His Holiness Pope Leo XIII in the Basilica of St. John Lateran, the cathedral of the Roman Pontiffs. His first Mass was celebrated in St. Peter's Basilica in Rome. On the same day he was awarded the degree Doctor of Divinity.

AFTER his return to Philadelphia his education and scholarship won for him a professorship in St. Charles Seminary, where he taught theology and various languages for twelve years. Authorities in Rome did not forget the student from Philadelphia who had impressed all of his teachers

with his scholastic achievements in the Eternal City. World events were shaping up which would call for the talents of Father Dennis Dougherty.

The attention of Pope Leo XIII was directed at the Philippine Islands in 1903. He decided to take the administration of the Islands out of the hands of the Spanish Bishops who had ruled the Church there for 300 years and turn the administration over to priests of the United States instead, inasmuch as the islands had been ceded to the United States in 1899. Readjustments would have to be made between the new civil authorities and the Bishops.

To help complicate matters in the unhappy Islands a schism had arisen, started by Right Reverend Gregorio Aglipay, an extreme nationalist, who held the official position of ecclesiastical governor of the Diocese of Nueva Segovia. The doctrines of the new schism included many radical departures from Catholic teachings. If the schism should be allowed to continue, its national origin would undoubtedly tend to win tens of thousands of the islanders from the Church and perhaps destroy the Roman Catholic Church in the area entirely.

These serious matters called for a new, authoritative head to set spiritual matters straight in the Pacific. The man chosen for the task must have the skill of a diplomat, be sympathetic and understanding of human nature, well versed in dogmatic theology and one who would have the ability to fight, if necessary through the courts, to win back ownership of Catholic churches and institutions that had been unlawfully confiscated by the

Filipino nationalists when they had revolted from Spain. In canvassing American priests who possessed these necessary qualifications, Papal attention centered on Father Dennis Dougherty of St. Charles Seminary. To carry out his mission properly, however, he would have to be made a Bishop.

NO ONE was more astounded at the course of events than Father Dougherty, but the chief obstacle which he saw in his way was his inability to speak Spanish. He knew Greek, Latin, French, Hebrew and Italian, but he had never studied Spanish. Setting his square jaw to the task, he began a study of the language and was never without a Spanish grammar while striding the decks of the ships that carried him to Rome for his consecration and instructions, back again to America to recruit volunteers among the priests of Philadelphia and out to the Islands. By the time he arrived in Manila he could speak Spanish rapidly and correctly.

While Bishop Dougherty had been warned as to what to expect when he reached Nueva Segovia he and his five priestly assistants found things actually much worse than had been known in Rome. Even physically matters were serious. The facade of the cathedral had collapsed, leaving the church and living quarters open to the elements. American troops had quartered their troops in the seminary chapel.

Many of the 110 parishes in the diocese were without priests, and the churches for the most part were in ruins. Courage, dogged zeal and a genuine liking for people became the Bishop's trustworthy companions. He reopened the theological seminary of the diocese of Vigan, with his five assistants serving as the faculty. Students were enrolled from among the Filipinos. They were to be used as the nucleus of a new and militant native priesthood. Bishop Dougherty inducted missionaries from Belgium and Holland to come out and help him in his work.

The matter of winning back Church property from the schismatics was a difficult one. The American Civil Government was afraid to accept the responsibility of deciding such delicate issues, so each case was handed on its own merits over to the Philippine courts. In nearly every instance the Roman diocesan attorneys, usually Bishop Dougherty and his assistants, won the suits. With patience and kindness the Church won back the dissidents and within five years Bishop Dougherty's work was crowned with success. His seminary was turning out native priests to care for their own people and to serve as spiritual guides through the years of reconstruction.

With the diocese of Nueva Segovia well on its way to recovery, Bishop Dougherty was called upon to begin the same work all over again in the larger Diocese of Jaro, where conditions were even worse than at Nueva Segovia. There were more confusing jurisdictional and administrative obstacles to be overcome, while the problems caused by the schismatics were greater. By working closely and tactfully with American authorities, the new Bishop was able once more to bring order out of chaos and win back the people to the Church.

In Jaro, Bishop Dougherty not only built a new seminary for the training of native priests but also constructed the largest hospital in the East for indigent sick. His building projects were financed by intermittent trips home to the U. S. to raise money for the purpose. It was necessary not only to care for the native people spiritually, it was also necessary to feed and clothe them and provide medical care.

Finally, by order of President Theodore Roosevelt, William Howard Taft, then the Secretary of War, was



THE LATE CARDINAL DOUGHERTY

instructed to settle the matter of religious property in the Philippines. Taft consulted with the Pope on his way to the Philippines. An agreement was eventually reached in which the various religious orders were given possession of the lands and institutions which had formerly belonged to them.

Credit for the successful conclusions of many of the problems in the Philippines went rightfully to Bishop Dennis Dougherty. He was then relieved of his "exile" and sent back to the United States as Bishop of Buffalo, where he met a problem of crushing debt burdening the diocese. By the time he had it under control a new assignment was forthcoming. On July 10, 1918, Bishop Dougherty was promoted to the See of Philadelphia with the rank of Archbishop. He was the first priest of Philadelphia to become Archbishop of the city, and he was given a warm and rousing welcome home.

IN HIS Archdiocese of Philadelphia the new Archbishop walked into another crisis. He was no more than settled in the episcopal residence when the city fell a victim to the influenza epidemic

that swept the country. Every priest and seminarian and nun in the Archdiocese was placed at the disposal of city health authorities. Every building owned by the Church was made available for hospital purposes. Two thousand nuns nursed the sick in their homes, Catholics and non-Catholics alike. Seminarians and members of the St. Vincent de Paul Society served as grave diggers. The social service rendered under the inspiration of Archbishop Dougherty won the high praise and gratitude of Mayor Thomas B. Smith and other civil and medical leaders.

Three years after taking charge of the Philadelphia Archdiocese, Archbishop Dougherty was raised to the rank of Cardinal. He was the only American taking his cardinalate honors that day, on March 10, 1921, in the Hall of Benediction, with Pope Benedict XV holding the red hat over his head. The American had a companion, however, who was destined to make history. He was Michael Cardinal Faulhaber of Munich, who was to defy the pagan Nazi regime to the bitter end.

On his way home Cardinal Dougherty stopped off at Lisieux, France, to visit the home of his favorite saint, St. Therese of the Child Jesus, popularly known throughout the Catholic world as "The Little Flower."

The Cardinal had never heard of Therese until he was in the Philippines. A Carmelite nun had given him a new book entitled "The Life of the Little Flower." He was so fascinated by the story that he could not lay it down but finished it at one sitting. He made so many trips to Lisieux during his long life that the people of the town almost came to recognize him as a native.

Cardinal Dougherty did quite a bit of traveling. In 1932 he attended the Eucharistic Congress in Dublin, Ireland. It was a keen enjoyment to visit the land of his forebears, especially as Cardinal Dougherty was always a great Irishman. His greatest honor, however, came in 1936, when he was

designated Papal Legate a Latere to to the 33rd International Eucharistic Congress to be held in Manila in 1937. He went to Rome for the power which was to be vested in him, accompanied by a company of priest-friends and relatives.

NO ONE paid unusual attention to Cardinal Dougherty when he arrived in Rome, but when he was leaving things were entirely different. After the Pontiff's authority was delegated to him, the Italian government began paying him the homage due a Sovereign. He was "King for a Day," or rather "Pope for a Day." He was escorted to the station by a platoon of motorcycle police, while a special car was assigned to him for his trip to Naples, where he boarded a liner for Manila. The steamer flew the Papal flag. Masses were said every day. The ship was a veritable floating cathedral.

At Manila exceptional preparations had been made to receive the legate. The Mayor, Juan Posados, was at Admirals' Landing to meet him, while troops, boy scouts, cadets and nurses, made a guard of honor all along Dewey Boulevard to the cathedral. There were four days of devotions and spiritual ceremonies. It was estimated that 1,000,000 persons were present at the solemn closing of the Congress. Cardinal Dougherty addressed them in the name of the Pope and transmitted the Holy Father's blessing. On his way home he stopped in Japan and visited with the Emperor.

Cardinal Dougherty made a very inspiring appearance. His kind and affable manner made friends easily and he remained essentially human to the end of his life. Even while holding the rank of Cardinal he faithfully performed all of the duties of a parish priest. He said six o'clock Mass every day, and preached on Sunday year after year. On Saturdays he heard Confessions like the humblest priest in the Archdiocese. These pastoral duties retained for him a close relationship with the ordinary members of his flock.

In 1946 His Eminence Cardinal Dougherty completed 25 years in the College of Cardinals, which entitled him to the rank of Dean of American Cardinals. By that time his list of accomplishments in Philadelphia was quite impressive. Nineteen hundred priests were serving the Archdiocese in place of 779 who had been there in 1918. The number of sisters working in the Archdiocese was doubled. He had established 106 new parishes, built 75 new churches, 12 hospitals, seven orphanages, three homes for priests, 11 homes for the aged, four colleges, 53 high schools and 145 grade schools.

AMONG Cardinal Dougherty's social accomplishments of national significance was his campaign against immodest and indecent movies, a campaign which developed into the Legion of Decency. He protested vigorously against mistreatment of Catholics in Mexico and in Spain, of Jews in Germany, of all oppressed peoples everywhere, particularly against the persecutions waged by Communists against the people of Eastern Europe and Asia. Another important phase of his life work was the formation of the Total Abstinence League. Cardinal Dougherty was opposed to drinking and promoted the League vigorously, obtaining hundreds of thousands of pledges to abstain for life from all alcoholic beverages.

The Cardinal's contributions to the missions stand as a memorial to his memory. Perhaps it was in the field of the missions that his influence was felt most. He gave both moral and material aid to the missions at home and abroad through the Catholic Church Extension Society and was always the friend of the Indian and Negro people of America.

His success in persuading the late Pope Pius XI to permit qualified Catholic nuns in the mission fields to practice medicine was one of the greatest boons which the benefiting women of Asia and Africa could have received. Having been a missionary

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The Lay Brothers --- They Also Serve

by Robert H. Johnson, S.J.

UNTIL my first wide-eyed, homesick day in the novitiate, I never realized that there was such a thing as a Jesuit brother—and that after a four year stint in a Jesuit high school. It was good to know that as a scholastic and priest I would have someone to cook my meals, clean my house, and, in general, take care of me hand and foot. Otherwise, the news did not affect my life one way or the other. But! What if I had not felt attracted to the awful responsibility and honor of the priesthood? What if I were repelled by the thought of ten to fifteen years spent stoop-shouldered over a desk? What if I felt this way, and, at the same time, felt a strong attraction to the happiness and holiness of the religious life, yet did not know that all men religious are not priests. Thank God I do not have to answer those questions. The fact that I did not know of the Jesuit brotherhood did not matter, for me. Yet I cannot help wondering how many men are looking for just what the lay brotherhood offers and do not know that it exists.

It is not surprising, however, this ignorance concerning the lay brother, because he is the man behind the scene. He sets the stage; the rest of us play from it. He never reaches the spotlight position of the classroom or pulpit. He is always there, just the same, working devotedly, supplying the harmony needed to run school, parishes, and missions smoothly. The lay brother, it must always be remembered, is as truly a member of the particular Order or Society as is a clerical member. But if it is not surprising that he is little known, it is too bad—and lack of knowledge of this type of

religious life could be tragic for a man who was searching for this pearl of great price and could not find it.

Oftentimes it is forgotten that the individual stars of the heaven differ the one from the other in glory, but all contribute, each in its own way, to the harmony, splendor and beauty of the universe. In the religious life too there are little stars. Since God has seen fit to create men with varied talents, gifts and vocation He has called all to the love and service of the One True God. Thus, even the lack of education does not bar a man from religious life. Craftsman, laborer or scientist, a man can find his place in a religion.

THE LAY BROTHER, be he a Franciscan, a Jesuit, or a Dominican, is a uniquely happy man. He has no pile of gold to run his fingers through, but he does have the unmatched peace of soul which the gold could not give him. He has the peace of soul, the happiness, the satisfaction, call it what you will that the world is scrambling head over heels after, yet never finds.

From the moment he splashes the sleep from his eyes in the morning till he eases himself into bed at night, the lay brother leads an active, purposeful life. He may drive a tractor, keep the house accounts, blister his hands in trying to make the dinner deadline, or bandage the skinned knees of hard-playing seminarians. But whatever it is, he knows that every minute of it is for God. He realizes that his is a life similar to Christ's, and that many brothers ahead of him have attained to the glory of sainthood by doing the ordinary tasks that he does.

His work is a prayer, but he has

time for formal prayer too. Meditation on the life of Christ and His Blessed Mother every day, daily Mass and Communion, the devout recitation of the Rosary, a weekly confessing of sins, examen of conscience twice each day, these and other spiritual exercises are the solid basis of his truly happy and holy life. In the lay brother's own way he, no less than the priest, must do his part towards advancing the apostolate of the Order.

Besides his spiritual consolations, there are temporal ones too, part of the hundred-fold Christ promised to those who would leave all and follow Him. The brother can count on the esteem and friendship of his priests and fellow brothers. He knows that his small, but comfortable, room is always waiting for him, and that solid meals will always be on the table at the regular times. He never gets the fifteenth-of-the-month bills-due blues, and is never tempted to "keep up with the Joneses." He is free from the worries and distractions that would plague even a saint in the world today. And he has the satisfaction of knowing that when he is old and sick he will have the same esteem, and receive the same loving care as always.

WHILE the life of a lay brother in every religious institute is one largely devoted to domestic, manual, or other useful labor, there is a good reason for this mode of life. The founders of the various Religious Orders wished the priests to be able to give themselves with zest to study and spiritual labors for the salvation of souls. To free them for such a vocation the law of the institutes assigned the manual toil to the lay brothers, who in the fulness of a regular religious life carry out their duties with dedicated zeal.

That, briefly, is the life of a lay brother. He gives himself to Christ, and Christ, in return, gives him happiness in this life and eternal life in heaven. His is a holy life, a happy life, a pearl which many more would love to own—if only they knew where it lay hidden.

Portrait of an Artist

by Agnese Dunne

IF YOU were to visit the San Francisco Museum of Art, you would probably pause on your leisurely rounds, as I did, before a group of three portraits. There is something arresting about them, a subtle yet pervasive spiritual quality that somehow sets them apart. They are the work of a distinguished Bay Area painter, Luke Gibney.

To the best of his knowledge, Mr. Gibney is the only Irish-born artist in San Francisco. As a youngster in Dublin he early showed exceptional talent. An uncle, the late well-known Irish portrait painter, Amos Talbot, encouraged his gifted nephew, so it was but natural that young Luke should follow his general education at the Christian Brothers school in Clonmel with specialized study in the Dublin School of Art.

In 1914 the young man came to America "from a sense of adventure," as he put it, stopping first in Toronto, then New York, and finally Chicago. Becoming a bit homesick, he decided the following year to return to his native land, and return he did, eventually, working on a boat that took him home by way of the West Indies and all South America.

A pleasant easy conversationalist, having none of the mannerisms or affectations frequently associated in the lay mind with artists, Mr. Gibney went on in his unassuming manner to tell of his final decision to devote his life to art. He had spent a few years in the Army Transport Service and during those years he took advantage—as too few of our seamen do—of the opportunities that were his to visit the great art centers of Europe. He treasures vivid impressions of the masterpieces before which he stood in awe in the Louvre, for instance, and in the Cathedral of Antwerp.

Mr. Gibney settled in San Francisco in 1927. He has become widely known for his portraits "which have been regular prize winners at the San Francisco Art Association annuals," as one critic mentions. His work is highly individualistic and does not reflect any particular school of painting. Never are his portraits dead photographic images of the people he paints; rather, he brings out their spiritual qualities, and always he emphasizes the eyes—"as the windows of the soul," he explained. "They are always looking at you. They bother some people," he added with a smile. He attempts above all to express what might be termed "mood," and regards exaggerated highlights in painting as "fakery."

In December of 1940 Mr. Gibney held a one-man show at the Museum of Art in San Francisco which was warmly received. Alfred Frankenstein, art critic of the *Chronicle*, wrote: "Luke Gibney's oils form an extraordinarily striking small exhibit at the San Francisco Museum. His best portraits have a rugged human power intensely dramatized by their light and shadow. He is strong, too, in heads that have a plain, less realistic form. And his several figure groups and landscapes present absorbing mystic overtones."

Though Mr. Gibney's fame is greatest in the city he has made his home, and through the Bay Area, he has won numerous prizes in group exhibitions on the West Coast and has achieved nationwide recognition. His paintings are included in many private collections. In a series of travelling exhibitions which toured the United States, his work was singled out for special comment. The March, 1947, issue of the national publication, *Art News* (New York), contains this

criticism: "San Francisco Bay Region Artists (Riverside Museum) judging by their recent large exhibition, comprise one of the liveliest and most diversified regional groups in the country. The show as a whole was miraculously lacking in pictorial clichés or stuffy declamations. None of the painters seemed to misunderstand or abuse current 'isms,' and without being revolutionary, most had individuality and made a personal contribution to the general idiom in which they worked. But the biggest surprise was what this reviewer considers an exceptional picture, the portrait of 'Dolores' by Luke Gibney, which combines the best qualities of Ryder with a haunting analysis of character."

"**D**OLORES," the artist told me, is an imaginary idealized portrait of a woman. It is a superlative example of his specialized technique which he explains as "sequence of tone." This portrait was awarded the Anna Elizabeth Klumpke first prize. Two years previously Mr. Gibney won this same award with another imaginary portrait of a woman entitled "Marguerite." "Dolores" represents months of labor, though he never devotes himself exclusively to one picture over a long period of time. He works painstakingly, using a simple palette for his impressionistic studies, and a refined fiber brush rather than one of hair.

Mr. Gibney's features reveal the sensitivity of the idealist and the dreamer, but he is a dreamer who realizes his ideals. Perhaps it is because he embodies in himself these spiritual traits that he is so able to express the finest qualities of those whom he portrays. His clear hazel eyes have a suggestion of melancholy. The simplicity of his disciplined

way of life would delight the heart of St. Francis.

Throughout the ages poets and artists and musicians have starved in garrets in a world where garbage collectors and sewer diggers can be sure of an adequate living. Mr. Gibney's fate would be that of many geniuses of the past if he attempted to live on the income which his art furnishes him. To escape this fate, he is forced to divert too many hours from the work for which his great talent has equipped him to the drudgery of earning enough to maintain himself and to pay for the expensive materials he must have.

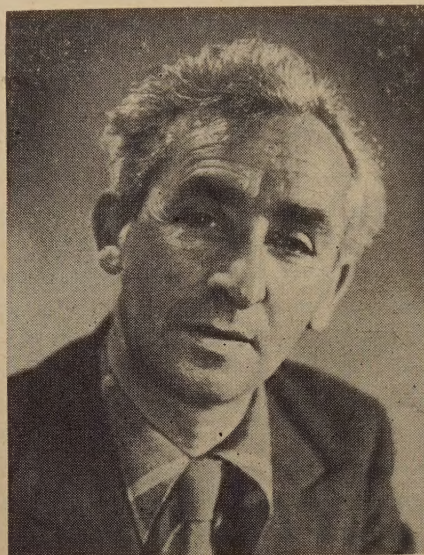
Of a philosophical turn of mind, Mr. Gibney rewards a listener with sudden flashes of insight that reveal an understanding of humanity at once wise and sympathetic. He accepts the ironical contrast between the recognition, respect, and awards he has received in the world of art and the inadequate financial return these bring him, quite without bitterness. "I have never attempted to enter the field of commercial art," he said. "It would be a contradiction of all that I believe in and attempt to do. Besides, a certain amount of privation is good for the soul. When a person has everything handed to him he becomes decadent."

IN THE SOLITUDE of his living-room studio on Montgomery Street, the Latin quarter of San Francisco, during the hours so commonly spent in aimless fruitless recreation, Mr. Gibney works on the painting that will live long after him. "That's all our times leave to posterity—art—great writing, great music, great sculpture, and architecture," he declared simply. "If I had my life to live over, I would still be an artist."

Around about his studio are numerous pictures, some finished, others in various stages of completion. He has done a "Man of Aran," a splendid head of a strong and rugged master of his hard environment. His "Portrait of the Artist" evidences that he has followed that ancient dictum: "Know thyself." Mr. Gibney kindly gave me a print of an arresting oil completed in 1937 and now in a private collection. He titled it sim-

ply "Sorrow." A man overwhelmed by grief is clothed in purplish red. The deep gray-green background lends depth to the picture while the suggestion of Calvary to the extreme right emphasizes the symbolism of the figure whom the artist intended as a personification of "the crucifixion of humanity."

Not all of Mr. Gibney's work consists of portraiture, nor even of paint-



LUKE GIBNEY

ing, though his preferred medium of expression is oils. Dominating one wall of his studio is a scene showing turbulent waves tossed by a stormy wind. Other paintings reveal fishing boats in a soft half-light. "Nostalgic seascapes of Ireland," he explained. "In the foyer of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce," reads the caption beneath a three-column picture of the *Chronicle*, January, 1951, "two noted San Francisco artists have started work on a mural depicting the city's progress in the last hundred years." Mr. Gibney is one of these muralists.

While Mr. Gibney calls San Francisco home—"It's here I really had my birth in art and here I received my first recognition," he said—he anticipates spending six months or more painting the Aran Islands and the wild and desolate grandeur that is the West of Ireland. He has steeped himself in the ancient and magnificent mythological lore of the land. He feels that a prolonged

period of living in the region of its intensest being, the West, would give him inspiration to portray on canvas the mythical Ireland so poetically described by Fiona Macleod as rich in "that old charm and steller beauty of Celtic thought and imagination, now, alas, like so many other lovely things, growing more and more remote, discoverable seldom in books, and elusive amid the sayings and oral legends and fragmentary songs of a passing race."

"HAVE you done any work in the field of religious art?" I asked Mr. Gibney who is at present preparing for another one-man showing to be held in San Francisco in the near future. "I painted a Madonna which I gave to a friend who admired it," he answered. "Unfortunately, the Church in this country has offered little encouragement to local artists. Of course there are notable exceptions. In Archbishop Hanna Center for Boys in Sonoma, a San Francisco sculptor, Ruth Cravath, was commissioned to execute the stations of the cross, the corpus on the crucifix over the altar, and the relief over the entrance which depicts the apparitions at Fátima. She's not a Catholic, but she's done a splendid piece of work."

"In a region so strongly Catholic as this, I should think there would be more commissions for Catholic artists of merit than they could accept," I suggested. "I have never even been approached on the matter," he answered.

Throughout the centuries the Church has ever been the mother and the patron of the arts. The monumental cathedrals of Europe are living testimony to the Faith that inspired the greatest artists of the centuries of their building. It is a sad commentary on the cultural immaturity of our day and our land that so many of our churches are cluttered with sentimental plaster statues devoid of any semblance of artistic worth. Meanwhile, in this, the wealthiest country on earth, Catholic artists of stature, who would willingly devote their gifts to the enrichment of Religion, must manage to live as they can, fulfilling in off hours the creative urge within them.

FORTUNE FROM A CLOSE SHAVE

by O. A. Battista

Today's razor blades may be disposable, but they are also practically indispensable.

IT WAS MIDSUMMER OF 1895, a wonderful day. King C. Gillette worked great billows of lather over his cheeks and chin, then picked up his new safety razor. It was the only one of its kind in the world, for he had himself designed and built it.

Gillette dipped the razor into the wash basin, took a deep breath, drew the skin tight on his cheek, and with a quick motion pulled the blade down the side of his face. There was an ominous scraping sound, and Gillette grimaced with pain. When he looked into the mirror a streak of lather was gone, but otherwise his beard appeared to be intact. The first safety razor with a disposable blade had failed.

But the failure was only temporary. Nothing was wrong with the basic idea—a razor utilizing a removable blade that could be used a few times, thrown away, and cheaply replaced. The problem lay in finding a steel for the blade that could be rolled paper-thin and still be tough enough to take a fine edge and hold it through the cutting of a day's growth of beard. Six years passed before Gillette developed a successful blade and found financial backing to put it on the market, but in 1901 his safety razor made its bow, and the days of the beard were numbered.

When Gillette conceived his big idea, his enthusiasm for it was stimulated by many questions. Some of the thoughts that raced through his mind were:

"Why must we men be constantly hampered by cumbersome, easily dulled straight razors? Why not make an inexpensive razor blade from very thin,

strong strips of steel, and put the blade in a tight-fitting holder? If the blade can be made cheaply enough, men would willingly discard an old one for



a new one the instant it became dull. And, if they did this, there would be an unending demand for new blades! Ninety-nine percent of the straight razor hasn't got anything to do with shaving. The edge is the important thing, not the heavy backing and all the hollow grinding. Put the proper edge on a piece of steel paper-thin in thickness, and hold this piece of steel firmly, and it ought to trim those whiskers in jig time, and a lot more comfortably. Eureka! I've found my gold mine. There's a tremendous fortune in this idea."

EVERY new business must grow up on capital, which is usually very hard to get at the beginning. Gillette had a hard

time during the period, 1895 to 1903, finding just twenty persons who would gamble a total of \$5000 on his idea. Most of those from whom he sought financial aid told him to "drop the whole thing," that "it's a waste of time to try and put an edge on sheet steel that would shave." But the inventor had faith in himself and in his ideas. As he put it in his own words, "I didn't know enough to quit."

Production got under way in 1903, with laborers wondering when they would get their next pay envelope. A total of 50 Gillettes were sold during the first year, and although they were priced at \$5 each, the balance sheet showed some alarming red figures.

But during the following year, things picked up with a bang. Almost 100,000 Gillette razors were sold in 1904. The idea was starting to catch on, as each user became its best advertising medium. In 1905, close to 300,000 Gillette razors were sold.

But this figure was to become dwarfed in succeeding years. Summing up his company's progress and outlook for the future, King C. Gillette stated in 1925, "Over one hundred and forty million razors, and six billion Gillette blades have been sold to date, and the future holds wonderful possibilities." The latter prediction was to be more than realized, for progressively increasing sales have made it possible for the Gillette Company to pay back to its stockholders since its inception the grand total of more than \$150,000,000 in dividends.

When Gillette began buying back some of the original stock, a \$250 block

brought \$62,500 to the owner who had put it away in a drawer and forgotten about it!

If all the razor blades produced annually in the United States were weighed, the total, approximately 5,000 tons, would still give you very little conception of what King Gillette started that day in 1895. Few manufactured products are produced in as great a volume. Last year, four billion single and double-edged blades poured from American plants into every corner of the earth.

Perhaps the greatest single factor which helped put the Gillette blade over was still another idea which Gillette dreamed up.

ONE DAY IN 1917, King Gillette, still on the idea trail, stormed into his board room with a new one. Why not, he asked, give a Gillette razor and blades to every man in the services? Good, the board members agreed, but better yet, why not sell them to the Government? The Government was agreeable, and bought over five million razors and many times that many blades. The doughboys brought the razors back home with them and the empty blade packets they left scattered across Europe helped to sell the idea to the rest of the world.

In 1924, the railroads began putting razor blade slots in Pullmans, and hotel men were putting them into their bathrooms. National advertising, another big idea in its infancy, helped. Razor blade manufacturers from the beginning had been generous advertisers. In the first year of operation, King Gillette spent nearly half of his income on space. One early ad pictured George Washington resolutely rejecting a straight razor in favor of a Gillette.

Today, if anyone needs to be convinced of the fact that safety razors and disposable blades are big business, a trip through the massive Gillette plant in Boston would be more than sufficient to do the convincing.

One of the first things to catch one's eye would be the enormous stock of steel in the form of rolls of "ribbon" on

hand, several hundred thousand dollars worth of it.

As many as 150,000 blades are fashioned from a single 300-pound coil of strip steel, the coil being slit by multiple knives into blade-width ribbons. The silvery ribbons are wound on movie reels, which makes the process vaguely resemble a scene from a Hollywood developing studio.

Ribbon steel is fed from the reels into perforating presses, a long column of

Cry of Conscience

Dear Lord, when first I saw with childish eyes,
The paintings of You stretched upon a hill,
Your captors seemed in most outlandish guise:
Their attitudinizing stranger still.
But time and sin make all familiar now,
For 'one who nails the hands that helpless lie,
Seems queerly me, transplanted there somehow,
And he who nails Your feet—is also I!
The one with spear—who lacerates Your breast,
This conscience shows, bears too my shameful face,
And he who holds the gall to Your lips pressed,
Reveals again, I have usurped his place.
O Master strengthen me to stand outside
The paintings of You cruelly crucified.

—EDWARD McNAMEE

which go about the business of noisily stamping out the blade's slot and four corners. Like a movie reel, the strip is again rewound, sent through a battery of "laundering" machines to remove cutting oils and then is ready for the electric heat-treating furnaces.

THE FIRST PROCESS for heat treating was developed by King Gillette in a room over a fish store on the Boston waterfront. Today, electrically controlled furnaces apply a temperature of 1500 degrees to the strip, which gets four separate heating and cooling treatments for perfect tempering. The coil is sent to the examining tables, where it is

unreeled, inspected, and welded end to end to several of its brothers, to make larger coils for the next operations.

There are several of these: printing and etching the company trademark, re-washing, drying by blower, rust-proofing by means of special lacquers, and baking, each of which is a separate operation.

One of the most fantastic machines in existence is the razor blade sharpener. Traveling out of contact with human hand, each tiny blade blank is ground, rough honed, finish honed, and stropped. It takes 100 square feet of sharpening surface to prepare the edge of a single blade.

As the continuous strip of sharpened blades emerges from the end of the sharpening machine, a cut-off mechanism nips the strips into individual blades. A blast of compressed air carefully stacks the blades on special racks which insure the edges against damage. After a series of more than 70 inspections, the blades which pass are sterilized, coated with a microscopic film of anti-rust oil, and machine wrapped in a wax paper wrapper and outer envelope, or packaged in the increasingly popular plastic dispensers.

The sale of disposable razors has doubled in recent years. People are shaving more frequently than ever before, and in line with Gillette's original hope, they are discarding the old blades and buying new ones.

The Gillette Company, which incidentally is no longer controlled by the Gillette family, King C. Gillette having died in 1932, is credited with having manufactured half of all the safety razors used throughout the world. Statistically, this breaks down to some 3,000,000,000 razors and 30,000,000,000 razor blades! I have been unable to find anywhere the corresponding statistic for the number of tons of whiskers which this colossal number of blades has helped shave off from males of the human race. In any event, when Gillette looked at his lather-covered face in 1895, he started something which more than a half century later is sharper than ever!

America's Only Priest Congressman

by Timothy F. Barrett

Father Gabriel Richard is the prototype of the American pastor who is all things to his people.

ON ANY list of missionaries the name of Father Gabriel Richard, of the society of St. Sulpice, would rank high. He was one of the most energetic and notable missionaries in the United States Midwest, and his work among the Indians and whites is recorded as unsurpassed by any one priest in the United States during the first quarter of the nineteenth century. Of the territory tended by Father Richard, R. R. Eliot wrote, "In no part of the country was there a field so extensive or so difficult of access as that extending from the head waters of Lake Erie to the Sault Sainte Marie, which had been confided to his care."

And yet, it is not for his missionary work that Father Richard is remembered primarily. He claims a unique place in history as the only priest to have served in the Congress of the United States.

In addition, many "firsts" are listed for Father Richard, and his devotion to and interest in the education of deaf mutes and popular education were a leading factor in the cultural development of the Michigan Territory. In tribute to one of the four men who most furthered the development of Michigan, a statue of Father Richard, a leading figure in the political, educational and religious development of Detroit, stands with those of LaSalle, Cadillac and Marquette at Detroit's City Hall.

Fr. Gabriel Richard was born of wealthy parents October 15, 1767, at Saintes, in the Department of Char-

ente Inférieure, France. When eleven, Gabriel entered the college at Saintes and studied there for six years. As a youth he was quite carefree, though not wild, and at times caused his instructors to raise eyebrows. However, an accident turned him into a serious student who would forego vacations to tutor and assist less gifted students. Later Gabriel studied philosophy and theology under the Sulpicians at Angers. He joined the society of St. Sulpice before his ordination, which took place at Issy in 1791, when Gabriel was twenty-four.

That fall Father Richard taught mathematics at the seminary at Issy, but the French Revolution soon closed the seminary. On June 24 of the following year, with three other Sulpicians, he arrived at St. Mary's, Baltimore, Maryland. The four were to train students for the priesthood, or to do missionary work. However, there were no students then at St. Mary's.

BISHOP JOHN CARROLL, first Archbishop of Baltimore sent Father Richard to the Midwest, appointing him to the missions at Prairie duRoches and Kaskaskia. At the time Father Richard was only twenty-five and his knowledge of English very limited, but in the strange country, on frontiers so different from the Paris he had left, he began his work. For the next six years he remained at the missions, ranging from Louisville to Vincennes, caring for and strengthening his flock.

Not too much detail is known of his work during this period save that his missions grew and many souls were baptized, confirmed and ministered to.

In June, 1798, began the work that especially distinguished him. He was sent to Detroit as assistant pastor of St. Anne's to help the aging Father Levadoux. The parish of St. Anne at Detroit, founded 1755, included what is now the State of Michigan, part of Wisconsin and islands in Lake Huron and Michigan. At that time the total population was less than 4000, and it was grouped mainly in nine principal settlements. With such a territory, the heavy burden of caring for its spiritual needs fell on Father Richard. When we consider the times, the enormity of his task is realized. Weeks and months on end he traveled under all circumstances and conditions, to minister to his widely scattered charges. With characteristic zeal he devoted himself to his work.

Four years later, with Father Levadoux recalled to France to become a professor of theology, Father Richard was placed in sole charge of Detroit and its vicinity as pastor of St. Anne's and Vice-General of the Bishop of Baltimore. After preparation by the new pastor, 521 members of St. Anne's parish were confirmed by Bishop Denaut of Quebec. Within two years, in 1804, despite the press of his travel and the many varied duties of his pastorate, Father Richard, ever eager to improve education, founded an elementary school. Latin,

geography, ecclesiastical history, church music and practice of mental prayer were taught under his guidance by four young instructresses. A seminary for the education of young clerics was also established.

Unfortunately, within a year (June 11, 1805), disaster in the form of a conflagration swept through Detroit, reducing a great portion of the city to ashes, including Father Richard's home, the two schools and the church of St. Anne.

After the fire, one of the most strenuous and active workers to restore the city was the pastor of St. Anne's. His work was endless, and he seemed to be everywhere. He gathered provisions for the people, tried to clothe them and to arrange for their shelter, giving of his charity to all. The work was long and results came slowly, but his zeal and activity never flagged.

THOUGH his work of helping rebuild the city would have been more than enough, in addition to caring for an over 60,000 square mile parish, Father Richard never lost his desire to further education. And three years after the terrible fire Detroit had six elementary schools and two academies for girls.

That year, 1808, after the schools were established, Father Richard visited Baltimore. When he returned he brought with him a printing press. With it he published, on August 31, 1809, the first "newspaper" printed in the Michigan Territory. Actually it was the first publication of any kind printed in the area. This periodical, the *Michigan Essay or Impartial Observer*, in French and English, was devoted to religious, literary and miscellaneous topics. However, only one issue was printed and the *Essay* discontinued. Later, Father Richard published many books, in French and English, on religion and education.

Father Richard also actively promoted establishment of what is now the University of Michigan. In 1817, the Michigan Territory by an act of

the legislature founded a school called "Catholepistemiad." Rev. John Monteith, a Protestant minister, was appointed president and Father Richard named vice-president. It is not positively known that Father Richard taught at this school, but it is generally believed that he did. As vice-pres-

The Real Difference

Father gave a beautiful crucifix to his little daughter, and said to her as he did so:

"Now tell me, what is the difference between the figure of Jesus on the cross as on this crucifix, and the Host which the priest holds up at consecration of the Mass?"

The little girl did not hesitate a moment.

"When I look at the cross," she said, "I see Jesus and He is not there. When I look at the Host, I do not see Jesus, but He is there."

—The Messenger of the Sacred Heart for India

ident his yearly salary was \$18.50. Four years later the Catholepistemiad charter gave way to a new charter establishing the University of Michigan. One of the first trustees of this new university was the pastor of St. Anne's.

TWO YEARS LATER, Father Richard won for himself a distinction he holds to this day: that of being the only Catholic priest elected to Congress. Yet before he finally secured his seat in the House of Representatives, Father Richard faced much opposition.

First, in the election, a four-man race, he was bitterly opposed by many Catholics of his own parish, especially one Mr. Williams, a trustee of St. Anne's, who ran against him. (This petty opposition had its roots in the selection of a site for the new St. Anne's church to be built after the fire

of 1805. Many parishioners wanted one site, but Fr. Richard, with concern for all his parish, selected another. Later the pastor's selection and decision were backed on two occasions by different bishops.) Due to the support of many non-Catholics, Fr. Richard won the election.

Almost as newsworthy as his being the only Catholic priest elected to Congress is the fact that Father Richard went to Washington from a prison cell. He had committed no crime. He had performed only the duties of his priestly office. One of his parishioners, a Mr. Labodie, had obtained a civil divorce and then remarried. When Labodie remained obdurate, Father Richard declared him excommunicated. Soon thereafter Labodie brought suit against his pastor and, on the plea that his reputation and his business had been injured, secured a judgment against him for \$1,116. Father Richard refused to pay the judgment and, as he had no property, was imprisoned. Three parishioners stepped in and became Father Richard's sureties. Then he left for Washington. The judgment itself was later dropped.

On Monday, December 8, 1823, Father Richard presented his credentials in the House, was qualified, and took his seat as the delegate from Michigan Territory. Three days later, opposition again faced him. A Mr. Scott presented a petition of John Biddle, whom Fr. Richard had defeated for election, contesting the seat. In his petition the defeated Biddle set forth that (1) Fr. Richard was not a citizen of the United States inasmuch as the territorial court of Wayne County (Michigan) did not have jurisdiction to admit aliens to citizenship and (2) that he had not resided in Michigan Territory one year as a citizen prior to election. The House quickly ruled that the Wayne County Court did have jurisdiction and that the one year residence applied to the individual, not to his citizenship.

ALTHOUGH the Michigan Territory delegate had no vote in Congress, Fa-

ther Richard presented many petitions relating to lands and roads in Michigan Territory and the location of school grants. During his two year term he served to the satisfaction of all.

Part of Father Richard's congressional salary was used to complete the rebuilding of St. Anne's, while another portion helped establish Indian schools at Green Bay, Arbre Croche and St. Joseph's. In this regard, referring to his election, Father Gallitzen wrote to Father Richard, "When I heard of your election to Congress I disapproved of it at once; but I have the honor to inform you that if you can manage to have a seat in Congress all your life, you will do more good for religion with your salary than many other missionaries with all their zeal and preaching."

Previously mentioned was Father Richard's brief imprisonment. It was not his first. During the War of 1812, he gave free expression to his patriotism and attachment to his adopted country. This angered many of the French, French-Canadians and British who comprised more than four-fifths of the population. As a result they had him imprisoned at Sandwich. There Father Richard ministered to the religious needs of the Indians and Americans, and saved many of the latter from torture and death.

AFTER the war, as after the great fire, Father Richard slaved for his people. The Lakes region had been hard hit by the war, and many were destitute. Again the crutch upon whom many leaned was Father Richard. Especially during these two periods and again during the cholera epidemic that visited Detroit in 1832 there is evidence of the greatness and extent of his labors and the depth of his love for his people.

During the cholera attack, while so devoted to the sick and dying, Father Richard fell victim to the disease. He died from it on September 13, 1832. His death was regarded as a public calamity—this even in the midst of a

public calamity. All bells of the city tolled solemnly, and all classes and denominations sorrowfully followed his remains to his grave. The words of Judge Cooley, a non-Catholic, expressed the public feeling: "Father Richard, a faithful and devoted pastor, under many discouragements, did what he found it in his power to do to restore or convert the people to Christianity and to moral and decent lives. . . . He would have been a man of mark in any community and at any time."

The accomplishments of Father Richard seem more than enough for one person, yet there is more. Overcoming the handicap of his poor English, Father Richard developed into an eloquent speaker. In addition to teaching in the schools he established, he taught at the Catholepistemiad and also lectured at the Normal School at Detroit. He was an active member of the Michigan Historical Society and

one of its charter members. He is believed to be the first priest to deliver a series of lectures to non-Catholics in the United States when he did so for the (Michigan Territory) Governor and other officials in the Council House. And he was first to institute a new instruction procedure, 1818, in Detroit, when he faced Bishop Flaget in St. Anne's sanctuary and asked him questions on the doctrines of the Church, which the Bishop answered and explained to the congregation.

This was Father Gabriel Richard, well born, well educated—who ventured into a new land and devoted forty years of his life on half wild, half savage frontiers growing with the people, aiding, consoling, ministering and bringing them ever closer to Him. This was Father Richard, who now rests in a vault beneath the newest St. Anne's: educator, leader, good citizen, statesman, priest and missionary.

LIFE, CHLOROFORM, AND TELEPHONES

"Men and women who started as advocates of birth-prevention are now engaged in open war on life. The war they wage takes many forms; upon the sources of life in men and women, which is sterilization; upon life in potentiality which is birth-prevention; upon life unborn, which is abortion; upon life in being, which is euthanasia; or, in simple speech Murder and Suicide. . . . If half a century ago, there was made the suggestion that planning of population should be studied, the author would have been promptly clapped into jail. For in those days, people would have considered such a suggestion as an offence against public decency, as a danger to the nation's morals, as a direct incitement to vice. And if any one had permitted himself such a suggestion, two or three centuries ago, people would have covered him with tar and feathers and made a bonfire of him. That is the true human instinct which explains the popular fury against witch-craft, for the malice most commonly attributed to witches was the prevention of the birth of children. Argue if you like that the ethical theory of natural purposes in the sexual function is absurd, illogical and antiquated. You will then be lacking any reasonable basis on which to rest your condemnation of masturbation and other grossly perverted actions. If the gratification of sexual pleasure is not a sufficient reason for justifying these excesses, why is it a good argument for the use of contraceptives? If it is wrong for people to commit masturbation singly, how can it be right for married people to indulge in mutual masturbation, as Shaw so trenchantly calls it. If we condemn the Romans for gorging themselves with the daintiest foods for the pleasure of eating and the visiting the vomitorium so that they could once again indulge in their appetite, how can we, in the name of Science, of Eugenics, of Medicine, and Morals, justify the process of planning population by contraceptive methods? Ladies and Gentlemen, there is no validity in the cheap sneer of Marie Stopes that contraception is no more artificial and no more unnatural than clothes, tooth-brushes, eye-glasses, false-teeth, chloroform and telephones; these aid human activity—they do not frustrate it. Eye-glasses do not prevent seeing; false dentures do not deny nourishment of the body; but contraceptives prevent conception and frustrate natural consequences of a sacred act. It is wrong because self-abuse is wrong; it is unnatural because homo-sexuality is unnatural; it is immoral because fornication is immoral. In fact, Contraception is an invitation to the Death-beetle and the Grave-Digger!"

—J. E. Castellino, quoted in *Rally*

NEWS AND VIEWS

Harry C. Graham, O.P.

BLESSED JOHN OF VERCELLI, PRAY FOR US!

He was operated on in the morning. All day long his wife and brother sat in vigil. By 8:30 that evening everything seemed fine, and his visitors went home. At 12 midnight, however, there was a hurried call from the hospital, and the wife and brother, deeply worried, returned to the bedside. From midnight until dawn wife, brother, sister-in-law and two Holy Name men prayed the Rosary—interspersed between the Aves and Paters the simple prayer "Blessed John of Vercelli, pray for him."

At 6:30 A.M. they left the hospital with the hopeful news that their loved one would recover. Due to the intercession of the Blessed Mother and her Rosary and Blessed John of Vercelli, the patient did recover. We hope that in the future many others will pray to Blessed John for favors to be granted, as we feel certain that it was through his intercession in the case described that recovery was so complete and so rapid. We hope any favors granted through Blessed John's intercession will be reported to this office, thus furthering the cause of his canonization.

St. Louis

As seen from the beautiful picture sent us by their Archdiocesan office, great numbers of Holy Name men in St. Louis participated in a massive Holy Year pilgrimage. On the Feast of Christ the King more than 10,000 men formed what was called by Monsignor T. J. Lloyd, Archdiocesan Holy Name Direc-

tor, "a wonderful demonstration of the loyalty of the Catholic men of St. Louis to Christ their true King." The Most Reverend H. Helmsing, Auxiliary Bishop of St. Louis, addressed the pilgrims.

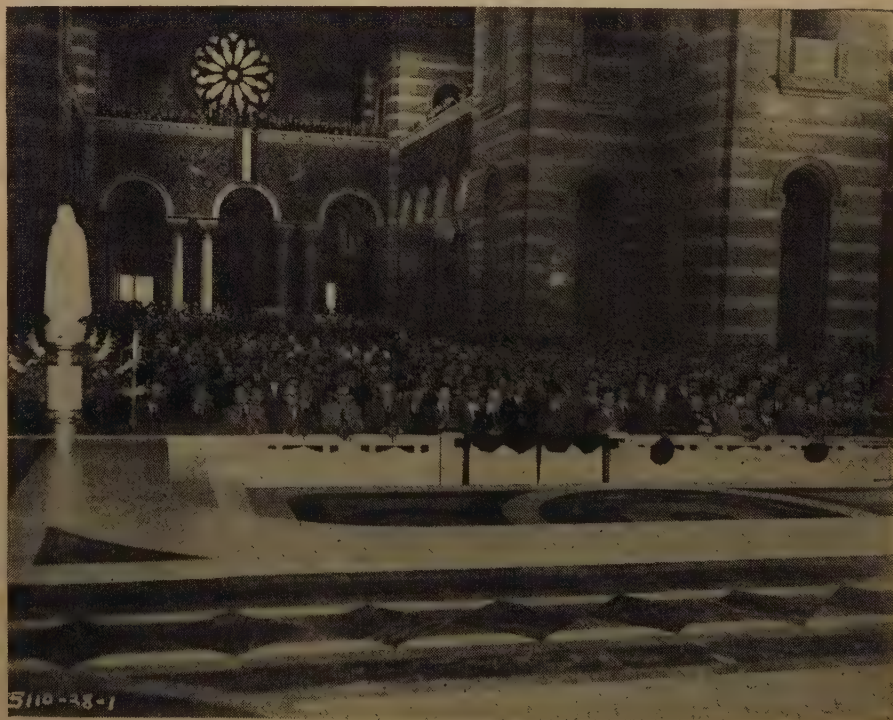
Green Bay

On the Second Sunday of January, the Vercelli Medal will be officially bestowed on Edwin Allan, the Executive Secretary of the Green Bay Diocesan Union. On that occasion the Very Reverend Lawrence Vander Heyden, O.P., P.G., the new Director of the Holy Name Society in the Midwest Province, will read the citation. Father Vander Heyden for years has been a missionary

throughout the Midwest. He is well known from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico for his preaching. Certainly we appreciate his great influence and feel certain that he will do much for the Holy Name movement throughout the Midwest.

Sympathy

We wish to extend to Michael Lawlor of Montreal our deepest sympathy on the death of his wife. As sick as she was, she came to Detroit during the Holy Name Convention to witness the bestowal of the Vercelli Medal granted her husband. In our prayers and in our Masses, she shall be remembered.



HOLY NAME MEN IN ST. LOUIS MAKE A PILGRIMAGE

Boston

On the second Sunday of January, the Boston Holy Name Society is promoting Family Communion. Through this promotion they expect to see large numbers of family members receiving as a unit Holy Communion on that day. They have planned special social meetings immediately following the business meeting, which will carry out a family theme. We feel certain that these meetings will give a tremendous impetus toward realizing the family's sacredness in a well-advised protest against divorce and disunity in the family.

Holy Name Forum

Sponsored by the Metropolitan Council of Holy Name Societies in New Orleans, the Catholic Forum makes its debut this month in the Roosevelt Hotel. Six lectures on successive Mondays make up the Holy Name presentation, each one featuring expertly informed lecturers who are to discuss questions of the day particularly of Catholic interest.

Each Holy Name Society of the New Orleans Metropolitan Council has appointed a general Forum chairman and also a Promotion and Reception chairman.

Conventions and Business Meetings

Holy Name archdiocesan and diocesan unions were particularly active in December, staging important general meetings in Seattle, Chicago, Columbus, Richmond, Boston and other centers.

In Chicago, Holy Name representatives pledged 200,000 men of the Archdiocese to carry out the mandate of the U.S. Bishops to restore God and morality in the private and public life of the nation. His Eminence Samuel Cardinal Stritch, who praised the representatives as "true members of the lay apostolate," presided at the annual business meeting of the Archdiocesan Holy Name Union.

The Most Reverend Michael J. Ready, opened the Diocesan Holy Name Convention held in Columbus, December 1, with a Pontifical Mass in St. Joseph's Cathedral. The Bishop addressed his Holy Name men at the banquet which closed the very successful one-day conference.

Letter From The Cardinal Protector

Vatican City, December 8th, 1951

SACRA CONGREGATIO
DE SEMINARIIS
ET STUDIORUM UNIVERSITATIBUS

Reverend and dear Father Graham:

In these past years, since Divine Providence made me what I am proud and happy to be, the Cardinal Protector of the great Holy Name Society of America, you have always favored me with your great kindness and generosity. It is because of this, that I feel I can tell you of the anguish which I carry in my heart, day and night, for the plight of the Pontifical Regional Seminaries of Italy. God has, for His own unscrutable reasons, allowed the principal sources of our aid to disappear completely in these past months, and now I find the burden is too great. I realize that I cannot carry it. Because the need is great and the purpose most sacred, I wish to disclose our Seminary situation to the Holy Name men of America and propose to them a means of help.

If the Holy Name men but knew of our poverty, or rather misery, and the enormous difficulty of keeping our Pontifical Seminaries open for sheer lack of means, I think they would want to help us. A possible and very efficacious aid would be, for example, if they had Holy Masses celebrated by this Sacred Congregation for their own dear departed or for their family intentions.

—We dispose of almost three hundred thousand intentions a year, that is from five to six thousand Masses every Sunday. There are about six thousand Parish Priests from the two hundred Dioceses who send candidates to the Pontifical Regional Seminaries. These Priests, by a special concession from the Sovereign Pontiffs, celebrate every year forty Holy Masses according to our intentions, leaving to us the disposal both of the intention and the stipend. But since the war and the resulting inflation, our people are so poor they cannot give any offerings for the celebration of Masses as of yore.

Could we dare hope, that this proposal of ours, born of a truly desperate situation, could be realized? This would simply save the fourteen Pontifical Regional Seminaries in which more than two thousand five hundred, all boys of poor families, are being formed with God's grace for the Holy Priesthood.

Any help the Holy Name men could give to this cause of vocations to the Priesthood would actually and in truth lift the burden from the shoulders of Our Holy Father.

JOSEPH CARDINAL PIZZARDO

VERY REV. FR. HARRY C. GRAHAM, O.P.
National Director, Holy Name Society
Lexington Avenue at 65th Street
NEW YORK, N. Y., U.S.A.



Benedictine monks live a well-rounded life of prayer and work. These monks of St. Paul's Abbey are gathered in chapel for common prayer.



Rt. Rev. Chas. Coriston, O.S.B., a former Army chaplain, is St. Paul's Abbot.

PRAY and WORK



Each monk must take his turn in serving of others in monastery refectory where meals ordinarily are eaten in silence.



One of the New Jersey monks is utilizing modern farm equipment as he tills the land near the monastery building.



Members of the Benedictine community in Newton are assigned duties like Fr. Benedict's caring for rabbits.



The raising of farm animals like this hog being displayed by Bro. Thomas helps to support the Abbey's mission.

As the fifth century neared its end, the holy Benedict founded at Subiaco, near Rome, a monastery which was to be the fountain from which monasteries in all parts of the world would receive the ideals of monastic life. One of these monasteries was the world-famed Monte Cassino, where St. Benedict wrote the Rule which governs all Benedictine Monasteries.

The Benedictines first came to the United States in the nineteenth century. One of their monasteries, in Newton, New Jersey, in what is now the Diocese of Paterson, was founded in 1924, when a group of Benedictines arrived from the Archabbey of St. Ottilien in Bavaria. These monks established St. Paul's Abbey.

History attests the fact that by their spirit of work and of prayer Benedictine monks did much to advance the conversion and civilization of central and northern Europe. The monks of St. Paul's Abbey are today following the same Benedictine Rule and impressing the world with the dignity of manual labor. After fourteen centuries the Rule still prescribes spiritual, intellectual, and physical ideals in order that the motto of the Benedictines, "Pray and Work," may be attained so that "God may be glorified in all things."



The monastery dairy herd must produce quantities of milk, an important item in the monastic diet. The cattle keep Bro. Guido busy pitching hay.



FATHER PATRICK MARTIN

The Junior Holy Name Society

sician, father and husband—each of these has his vocation. Which does God have in mind for me? For which am I suited? Now is the time to plan for the future. "Drifting and dreaming" may be a swell title for a song, but it is a poor description of a way of life.

Every one, then, has a vocation. For a moment let's get back to the first idea, a religious vocation. This, of course, is the highest and greatest of all vocations. It is the decision carried out of dedicating our lives to the complete service of God. It is the saving of our own souls through helping others to save theirs. It is the generous and whole-hearted offering of ourselves to God that we may work for Him and with Him to bring others to a knowledge and love of Him. It is a big step to take, but the reward is great. We are giving up merely the pleasures of this life so that we may gain eternal happiness. Look into your heart and see if God is calling you to the priesthood or the brotherhood. Do not let fears or selfishness come between you and your God. Do not let laziness rob you of the greatest gift God can bestow on mortal man.

Check your talents and see if they give any indications of a religious call. Talk to your confessor or to one of the priests in your parish or to one of your teachers in school. If your call is not to the religious life, pray that you may purposely serve God and save your soul in whatever other vocation you may have. Talents are given to every one. They are to be used to the best of our ability. If they are not, the Lord may take them away from us. Remember the Gospel story wherein a man hid his talents in the ground and was unable to show a profit when he had to make an accounting? The talents he had were taken from him and given to another. If you do take advantage of your ability you will have to answer to God for its waste.

At our Mass and Communion on the second Sunday of January let us all pray for an increase in the number and sanctity of vocations. Even if you do not feel called yourself, pray for those who do.

Sincerely,

FATHER MARTIN.

Dear Gang:

Everything created, made or manufactured by God or by man has a purpose for which it was made. No matter how insignificant the thing is, there is a reason for its existence. The smallest bolt used in the construction of an automobile has its place in the plan of the manufacturer. A pencil, even a beat up stub, has its purpose, its use. It is to be used in writing, or marking. This very note I am writing has a purpose, to put into your noggin a thought that should be considered and applied to your own life.

Any one who claims to be able to think should at some time or other ask himself the question, "Why did God make me?" "What is my place in the Divine Plan?" As the song goes, "Why was I born?" "What did God have in mind for me when He created me?" Every one of us then has a reason for his creation. Each one of us has a purpose in life. Each one of us has a vocation.

Unfortunately, as soon as we hear the word "vocation" we immediately think of the religious life. It may seem strange for me to call it "unfortunate," but it is, and for this reason. We decide that we have no calling to the religious life and immediately tell ourselves that we have no vocation. We have. Every one has. Every one has a place in the divine plan. Every one has his own purpose in life, some type of vocation.

We are all here to serve God and save our souls. Our vocation is *God's idea* of the way we should serve Him. We are all here to save our souls. We do it only through the service of God. And serving God, in the way He wants, is our vocation. Doctor, lawyer, school teacher, mu-

ACTION ON THE PARISH FRONT

A Monthly Series on Holy Name Organization

by **F. A. M.**

JUMP into my old gas buggy and come along to the January meeting of the Holy Name officers of St. Bede's Parish. They'll be planning in detail their February program. If you're looking for program ideas, this will be an excellent place to find them. Come on along and listen.

As we drive over to St. Bede's, I want to remind you that we are just halfway through our present activities year. Four monthly programs have gone down in history and the fifth is all set to go. That leaves exactly five more to plan and execute. It's never too late to begin to improve our Holy Name Society. Let's make the last five months of our present administration really stand out in the annals of Holy Name history. Say, we'd better hurry in, for I just heard Ed James call the meeting to order with prayer.

February Program

The first order of business called for a brief explanation of the program theme for the month of February. Ed James announced to his fellow officers that according to the program outline of the year February was to be considered both Patriotic Month and Catholic Press Month. Obviously, he informed his group, they would be required to discuss detailed plans for the observance of both of these occasions. With the announcement of this double-barreled program, he opened the way for a discussion on the observance of Patriotic Month.

Patriotic Month

Jim Murphy, the vice-president, requested the floor to recommend that the Society weave its patriotic observance

around some very significant phrases of the Holy Name Pledge. The phrases he particularly had in mind were the following: "I pledge my loyalty to the flag of my country and to the God given principles of freedom, justice, and happiness for which it stands." Jim stated that this public pledge of loyalty to God and Country embodied a subject vital to the life of our great nation. He indicated that he presumed some men might deem it strange that these words are included in the Holy Name Pledge. Some may even question the connection between the flag of one's country and his duties as a member of the Holy Name Society. In his mind, he said, there was a very intimate connection. For one thing, the flag of our country guarantees to us the liberties under which we follow the dictates of our holy religion without interference; moreover, love and devotion to one's country is no less than a Christian virtue. He also wanted to emphasize the fact that the Holy Name Pledge confirmed a Catholic man's sincere expression of his loyalties; that the words of the pledge gave visible evidence of a Catholic's belief in rendering to God the things that are God's and to Caesar the things that are Caesar's. With this brief explanation he suggested that as the number one item of observing a patriotic program a special place should be given to the recitation of the Holy Name Pledge during the Communion Mass in February. He suggested that the pledge be solemnly pronounced immediately after the sermon of the Mass. It is needless to say that after this brief but glowing explanation the officers, with the approval of

the spiritual director, agreed to this program plan.

Al Finnegan, the membership chairman, then suggested that special emphasis be placed upon the procession into Church. He recommended that while the usual procedure should be followed, a color guard be provided to lead the procession on this particular February Communion Sunday. He offered to make all necessary arrangements with a few members of veteran organizations in the parish, asking them to serve as the honor guard to the American flag and the Holy Name banner and, if possible, to participate in the uniform of their service organization. Again this suggestion was approved and Al assumed the full responsibility to make all necessary arrangements.

For the breakfast meeting to follow the Communion Mass, someone suggested that immediately after the opening prayer the assembled members be asked to remain standing and to sing the national anthem. It was further suggested that the meeting close with the members reciting the Pledge of Allegiance to the flag. It was felt that this would definitely lend a patriotic atmosphere to the opening and closing of the meeting. Ed James was happy to announce that he had secured an excellent speaker for the occasion who would present an address entitled "Our Constitution."

Earl Thompson, the Catholic Action chairman, offered another suggestion for the meeting program. He felt that some recognition should be given to the two historical personages whose birthdays Americans celebrate during the

month of February. He, of course, was referring to George Washington and Abraham Lincoln. Earl wondered whether it might be possible to ask the school sisters to prepare two historical tableaux, one depicting a scene of significance from Washington's life and one from the life of Abraham Lincoln. This feature could be utilized more or less as the entertainment feature of the program. The entire group of officers seemed enthusiastic about the suggestion and empowered Earl to take the matter up with the sisters and to proceed with the idea if at all possible.

Communion Intention

It was officially announced that the Communion Intention for the month of February would be "Officials in Public Life." It seemed indeed fitting that at a time when the leaders of all nations are faced with tremendous responsibilities relative to directing the energies of many peoples and governments that Holy Name men should pause and say a prayer for divine guidance for these leaders. The secretary was instructed to include this Communion Intention on the regular monthly mailed notice. He was also requested to make the February notice bear somewhat of a patriotic motif.

Catholic Press Month

It seemed clear at this point of the meeting that an adequate program observing Patriotic Month had been planned and since there was no more discussion forthcoming on the subject, the group proceeded to discussing the second part of the February program, namely, Catholic Press Month. Someone pointed out that at the February meeting a year previous a grand Catholic press exhibit was prepared and that the membership seemed to be very much interested in it. Earl Thompson, the Catholic Action chairman, stated that he had prepared such a press exhibit last year and that he, too, felt it was well received by the membership. He immediately moved, therefore, that as a fitting observance of Catholic Press Month he and his committee be empowered to provide an even more elaborate exhibit of Catholic read-

ing material at the February breakfast meeting. He told the group he was confident that much of the material needed could be obtained from the parish library. The spiritual director also offered his assistance and material from his own personal library.

There was another item relative to Catholic Press Month in Earl's mind. He said he had felt for a long time that something very definite ought to be

INDULGENCES OF THE



HOLY NAME INSIGNIA

Pope Pius X (Nov. 4, 1909) granted to the Holy Name Societies of North America two indulgences:

1. A plenary indulgence for all members of the Holy Name Society whenever they receive the Sacraments and take part in public Holy Name demonstrations, wearing the Society's official button or badge.

2. An indulgence of 300 days once a day for all members of the Holy Name Society who regularly but visibly wear the Holy Name emblem while they are in any public place, provided they say once a day,

"Blessed be the Name of the Lord."

done to produce a wider circulation of the Holy Name Society's own magazine in the parish. He, of course, referred to the *Holy Name Journal*. He wondered if the officers deemed it proper for him to place at every plate at the breakfast meeting a subscription blank for the *Holy Name Journal* and whether they would deem it amiss if he spoke on this subscription drive and attempted to secure as many subscriptions as possible at that meeting. Not only did the officers feel that this plan was not contrary to any set rule of the organization, but they were enthusiastic in supporting Earl on

this particular program. In fact, some of the officers offered to assist Earl in the promotion of this project at the February meeting. He, therefore, received complete authority to proceed on such a plan of action.

Scout Sunday

At this point of the meeting Charlie Brown, the secretary, reminded the group that the second Sunday of February is observed nationally as Boy Scout Sunday. He pointed out that the Holy Name Society in the past had always assisted the scouts in the proper observance of this traditional day. It was decided to invite the Boy Scout troop of the parish to the corporate Communion Mass and breakfast meeting in February, as the guests of the Society. George Smith, the retreat chairman, recommended that the scouts march in procession immediately behind the planned color guard and ahead of the main body of Holy Name men. He likewise recommended that some of the patriotic parts of the program at the meeting, such as the recitation of the Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag and the patriotic month tableaux, be turned over to the scout master and his scouts. This suggestion was taken under advisement. With this barrage of program activities thoroughly discussed, the meeting adjourned.

March Preview

Before signing off, however, I want to extend a special invitation to you to come along next month to the officers' meeting at St. Bede's. The reason I am emphasizing this is the fact that they will be planning their March meeting. The next Communion Sunday and meeting, as you know, is a red-letter day in the yearly program of activities for the Society. It's the annual Father and Son Communion Month. I am confident that the boys at St. Bede's will come up with some outstanding suggestions, and I want you to be on hand to take them in. Be sure, then, to announce your Father and Son Affair at your February meeting so that all will be rarin' to go on the second Sunday of March. We'll look for you next month in these columns.

THE WAY MONEY TALKS

by Barry Ford

MONEY FLIES TODAY. Once upon a time it only galloped. That was in the days when cattle was recognized pelf and a citizen's pocket money ambled along the road on its own four feet. The world was very young then. Trade was conducted by barter. But supply and demand raised a problem that could be solved only through some accepted standard of exchange. Animals were the answer. *Pecunia*; the Latin word for money is from *pecus*, meaning cattle. Because this kind of wealth was and still is counted by the head, *per capita*, any odd dollars we salt away today are our "capital." The strictly American "buck" is a holdover from Colonial times, when money was deer.

As obviously a herd of cows was a little cumbersome to take on a shopping spree, someone eventually solved the idea that more portable money would speed up business. The city of Lydia, in Turkey, launched the first metal coins about 700 B.C.

Though coined money was here to stay (however briefly, fleetingly in most pockets) lots of places in the world continued to use other standards. Because Caesar's legionnaires were paid in salt, we have the word "*salary*." The shells that still are the coin of many realms in Pacific areas added "shell out" to our slang vocabularies.

People make their money in strange ways. Natives of Congo regions trap theirs by driving elephants into passes too narrow to permit the beast to turn around, and then snipping off their tails. One tail pays for a slave. Fifty bristles from the tail have the buying power of \$1.50. Zebra tails are currency in Portuguese West Africa, and though the gov-

ernment of East Africa has declared giraffe tails contraband, to preserve giraffes from the fate of the American buffalo, they still are slaughtered for their ultimate end value by African black marketeers.

Metal coinage was a novelty that became an essential when the armies of Alexander the Great introduced it through the widespread areas of his conquests. By the fourth century B.C. the whole civilized world was metal-money minded.

IN THE SPREAD of Christianity, money had a big rôle. When Constantine, the first Christian emperor, set up a mint at Byzantium and issued coins with a cross and the slogan "By this sign you shall conquer," he was starting a propagation of the Faith campaign through coins. For the first time a new religion was recognized and advertised by a powerful ruler, and naturally the whole world began to ask questions about it.

In those days, symbols had a powerful rôle in the Christian arts. They had begun as a code system through which the persecuted and hunted Christians communicated with each other. Eventually these symbols went on coins as terse little lessons. The fish was a symbol of our Lord because its spelling, in Greek formed an acrostic for "Jesus Christ, Son of God, Savior"; the pelican represented the Holy Eucharist; there was a boat for the "bark of St. Peter"; the Alpha and Omega, referring to the 22nd chapter of the *Apocalypse*, proclaimed, "I am the beginning and the end, first and last." The Blessed Mother's likeness also appeared on coins, as did the patron saints of places where coins were minted, their

images traveling around the market-places, telling the world about our Saviour.

By the fourth century, Britain was paying tribute to Christianity with a cross and a dove, signifying the Holy Ghost.

Ancient money is our most definite, tangible link with other civilizations. From the material used for coins, from their shape, craftsmanship and the subjects portrayed, historians and archeologists can piece together a clear background of culture, religions and chronological tables. As the faces of ancient men of distinction reproduced on coins were made from masks, they reveal to experts in face reading more accurate stories of the characters and qualities of the great than would biographies, which may be colored by loyalty or spite.

Buying power is not the only public service money has performed. One history teacher who puts across the drab facts of ancient life through displaying coins and telling the story behind the money says coins were the newspapers of the days before newspapers. Victories in wars, the erection of public institutions, the death and succession of sovereigns in those slow moving times were announced by new issues of coins.

NO COINS are so interesting to us, as Catholics, as those of the Vatican. The first were issued by Pope Adrian in the eighth century, when the Papacy was acknowledged as a temporal power. As each Pope chooses slogans for his coins, concerning events of his reign, the ups and downs of papal history and policies are clearly identified. In periods when no papal coins were issued, it is usually

evidence that persecution had stilled the voice of the Vatican.

Before Henry VIII actually flouted papal authority, while the threat of his doing so was in the air, Pope Leo X issued coins inscribed with an urgent, prayerful admonition to the Church's first Pope: "Peter, behold your temple."

Pope Paul III succeeded to the Holy See in 1534, when persecution of Catholics meant that the choice between fidelity to the Church or the State often brought repercussions to those who dared to be loyal. The Pontiff bolstered the faith of the timorous with a coin slogan, "Direct our feet in the way and toward God."

Gregory VIII commemorated the founding of the Jesuit College in Rome with a coin carrying IHS-COR, the symbol of the Sacred Heart.

Pius XI selected "The Peace of Christ is in the kingdom of Christ," when he instituted the Feast of Christ the King, in 1925.

When Charles I followed Cromwell as England's No. 1 man, he ordered money showing his profile facing the reverse to Cromwell's as an indication of a total change of point of view.

Henry VIII thought up some whimsical ideas for his coin mottoes. After beheading two wives, he gave England a laugh with the slogan, "I have chosen the Lord as my helper." When for another motto, he ordered "The fear of the Lord is in the fountain of life," Archbishop Latimer said, "We have now a pretty little shilling printed with a fine sentence. I would to God this sentence was also printed in the heart of the king."

OUR COUNTRY'S HISTORY is thumb-nailed by species and money that have passed as legal tender from the time wampum bought our daily bread. Because the pious people of the earlier centuries of Christianity evolved the custom of stamping money with the pictures of the patrons saints of the place of minting, we in America have inherited the word "dollar." In 1792, the Bohemian village dedicated to St. Joachim issued coins with the saint's por-

trait, which they called a "Joachim-thaler." In the coffers of the money-changers of Holland it became a "thaler"; in England it was a "dollar."

The origin of the dollar sign seems to be anybody's guess. One coin expert who believes it is a modification of the letters IHS is contradicted by an authority who declares it is simply the monogram of the U.S.

Our money's history began when the Government opened the first mint in 1892.

Wampum, invented by the Narragansetts, as both a decoration and pelf, was

BOMB SHELTER

Once long ago, ere came the welter
Of learning, man lived in a cave.
Now once again, he seeks its shelter,
Gone back three thousand years, to save
Life's spark that has not changed a bit
Since Eve and Adam cherished it.

—L. M. THORNTON

beads made from the inside of periwinkle shells. About a quarter of an inch long and slightly less in width, they varied in value according to color, black being rare and white common. The wampum unit, consisting of 360 white beads, was valued at \$1.20.

Tobacco was not only legal tender, but for a time was the only legal currency in Virginia. Anyone refusing it as such might find himself doing a three-year stretch at hard labor. While Tennessee was still the State of Franklin, and its government collected salaries in animal skins, the governor got 100 deer skins annually. To pay his secretary, 500 raccoons surrendered their hides. The fee for a marriage ceremony cost a mink coat.

All through the seventeenth century in this country, furs were used as money, with beavers representing the highest denominations of the folding variety. A good gun cost a pile of beaver pelts as high as the gun was long (or forty shillings).

The battle to stack up a little money for the rainy day is the common problem that makes the whole world kin. Some wag quipped that no doubt our American coins carry the bison and the Indian to emphasize the idea of scarcity. The continuous fight with our bank accounts naturally creates the feeling of freedom of the worker to spend his earnings as he wishes. But Thomas Aquinas has an argument against that. "It is one thing to have a right to possess money and another to have the right to use money as one pleases," he says.

People who compile statistics on personality angles figure that the average American spends \$312 a year on alcohol, gambling and tobacco, but gives only \$8.68 to churches. Possibly inspired by this ill-balanced ratio, an unknown rhymster (quoted lately in a Catholic paper) records a conversation between a silver dollar and a penny.

The dollar is speaking when we break into the discourse:

"... for a dollar can talk.
You poor little cent, you cheap little mite,
I am bigger and more than twice as bright;
I am worth more than you a hundred fold
And written on me in letters bold
Is a motto drawn from a pious creed,
"In God we trust," for all to read.
"Yes, I know," said the cent,
"I'm a cheap little mite and I know
I'm not big nor good nor bright.
And yet," said the cent, with a meek little sigh,
"You don't go to church as often as I."

St. Bernard has a thought to comfort the oppressed majority of the world, of whom, it is said, God made so many because He loves the poor so much. "Let the Pagan seek riches, who lives without God," said Bernard; "let the Jew seek them, who receives temporal promises; but with what mind can a Christian seek riches, after Christ has proclaimed the poor blessed."

The Holy Childhood

V. F. Kienberger, O.P.

IT WAS THE CUSTOM of Saint Louis IX, King of France, to attend two of the several Masses offered each day in his private chapel. It is related that on one occasion a courtier, rushing into the King's presence from one of the additional Masses, announced that presently, since the consecration of the Mass, the Child Christ in His natural form instead of under the appearance of bread was lying on the altar. He bade his Majesty to come see the tiny King of Kings on the Altar-throne. King Louis was not to be disturbed. He calmly assured the servant, "My good man, with eyes of faith I see the Infant Christ every morning at the consecration of the Mass. Go, call those who do not believe! As for me, I believe that the Lord Jesus is present on the altar every morning."

All Christendom has gone over to Bethlehem, in spirit, to see the Word Made Flesh. The Christian world has found the "Infant wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger" (St. Luke 2:13). The worldling has asked, "Who is this Child?" He has only seen an ordinary child in the manger, wrapped in rough clothes, the hallmark of the poor. So he makes the observation: If He were the King of Kings and Lord of Lords there should be a cradle of gold instead of the splintered feed-trough of oxen; there should be a mattress of eider down instead of straw; there should be purple, the symbol of royalty, and fine linen, instead of clumsily woven home-spun coverings that proclaim this Child an obscure babe of poorest origin.

WEAKLINGS may ask, "Why was the Christ thus born?" Should He not have been acclaimed by legions of angels? The Son of Man entered the lowly

preface of human birth to expiate for our pride, avarice, and sensuality. He passed through the term of His unspeaking years to show us the example of humility. He Who was not subject to the Law was circumcised to show His obedience to the Mosaic prescriptions. Joseph and Mary took Him to Jerusalem "to present Him to the Lord" because it was so written in the Law.

Their faith was rewarded by Simeon, to whom it had been revealed that he would not die before he had seen the Christ of the Lord. Joseph and Mary marvelled at the things spoken concerning this Child of the Most High. Anna, too, was a witness to this Holy Child. She had come to the Temple at this time and spoke of the Child Jesus "to all who were awaiting the redemption of Jerusalem" (St. Luke 2:38).

Devotion to the Childhood of Jesus is braided deeply into the fiber of every Holy Name Man's soul. He follows in spirit the Christ Child in Mary's arms as Joseph guides them from Bethlehem to the security of Egypt. The Holy Name member treasures in memory the faithful Joseph hearkening to God's will as the angel bade him, "Arise, and take the child and his mother, and flee into Egypt, and remain there until I tell thee. For Herod will seek the child to destroy him" (St. Matt. 2:14).

The Evangelist, St. Matthew, relates that when Herod was dead, an angel appeared in a dream to Joseph in the Egyptian exile, bidding him to return to the land of Israel. Hearing that Archelaus, the son of Herod, had succeeded to the throne, the foster-father of Jesus determined to avoid Judea, lest the life of the Child be required by Herod's son. Again warned in a dream, St. Joseph withdrew to Galilee and settled in his

home-town, Nazareth; as the Evangelist has narrated, "that there might be fulfilled what was spoken through the prophets, 'He (the Blessed Christ) shall be called a Nazarene.'"

THE SACRED WRIT is almost silent concerning the Holy Childhood. All that is known of this period of Our Lord's life is comprised in St. Luke's text: "And the Child grew and became strong. He was full of wisdom and the grace of God was upon him" (St. Luke 2:40). He differed naught from any of the other children of Nazareth. There was nothing outwardly to distinguish Him from these other children among whom He lived, for in the sanctuary of Mary's arms Jesus appears to us as the famed Bossuet has pictured Him: "O Thou lovely Babe! Happy were they who gazed upon Thee, stretching forth Thy arms from out the swaddling bands, lifting up little fingers to caress Thy holy Mother; now, upheld by her firm hands, venturing Thy first short steps; now practising Thy baby-tongue with stammerings of the praise of God, Thy Eternal Father! I worship Thee, dear Child, at every stage of Thy divine growth!"

The hidden years of the holy childhood of Jesus were passed in the obscure village of Nazareth, which was a by-word among all the other towns of Galilee. This prejudice was shown by Nathanael, the friend of the Apostle, Philip. He had told his friend, Nathanael, "We have found him of whom Moses in the Law and the Prophets wrote, Jesus the son of Joseph of Nazareth." And Nathanael said to him, "Can any good come of Nazareth?" Philip said to him, "Come and see" (St. John 1:46). The Divine Presence of the Most High, during His hidden life at Nazareth, raised it from the obscurity of all the other Galilean towns and made it a village of renown. Disdainful men ceased heaping upon it their sarcasm, for now, the Expected of Nations dwelt at Nazareth. How true then is God's holy assurance, "Humiliation followeth the proud: and glory shall uphold the humble of spirit."

LABOR-MANAGEMENT JOTTINGS

"Capital cannot do without Labor: Labor cannot do without Capital"

—POPE PIUS XI

by Charles B. Quirk, O.P.

ON NOVEMBER 17, 1951, the pro-Soviet World Federation of Trade Unions, meeting in Berlin, brazenly revealed the Kremlin-inspired pattern of attack on the defense production of the West. Benoit Franchon, the French member of the W.F.T.U. Executive Committee told the 200 top officials of the Red-dominated federation, in a four hour speech, that Western military programs "must be crippled at all costs."

Reducing the harangue to specific details and with the United States clearly in mind, Franchon ordered his confreres to "work in organizations which do not belong to the W.F.T.U. (both the C.I.O. and the A.F.L. left the World Federation of Trade Unions in protest over its obvious Communist objectives) but which, though under reactionary or government control, nevertheless contain masses of workers. Work there even if it is less brilliant, less striking, than to be a great leader of an organization which may have all the qualities of revolutionary purity but which may nevertheless suffer from one small defect: the absence of members."

Top Priority Problem

Unfortunately, the directives of the Berlin conference cannot be dispensed with as having little real pertinence for United States labor unions. Five years ago the possibility of substantial Red interference with American industry was extremely remote. Full production, high wages and a successful campaign by union leaders to oust the known Reds and party-liners from key positions in the federations of organized labor seemed to have effectively removed the

danger spots from U.S. industry. However, it was clearly understood at the time that, although Commies had been eliminated from the top echelon of both C.I.O. and A.F. of L. leadership, important nationals and internationals still returned these men to executive or policy-making offices where, when the occasion arose, they could exercise great influence over the direction of vital segments of American industrial relations.

Faced with the presence in its midst of unions whose leadership it has failed to successfully challenge and confronted with the complicated problems of defense mobilization, the C.I.O. within the past three years has taken drastic action. Eleven unions, formerly affiliated with the C.I.O. have been expelled from that organization for allegedly following the party line. It took real courage to seriously weaken the bargaining strength of the C.I.O. by these expulsions. Actually, members lost to the parent group numbered approximately two million. Furthermore, the prospect of inevitable jurisdictional difficulties with the rebel unions and the necessary expenditure of large sums of money for organizational purposes raised issues that made the C.I.O. understandably reluctant to take such strong action. However, there was really no alternative. It was either this or progressive disintegration within the Congress of Industrial Organizations.

In previous columns we have briefly described the historical development of the situation which finds Communists, ex-Communists and party-liners in virtual control of unions in strategic industries. Prior to the November meeting of

the World Federation of Trade Unions the presence of security risks at key points in the defense set-up constituted a constant threat to production continuity. However, as long as the threat was implied rather than explicit the danger of actual sabotage was relatively remote. Now, with the Franchon statement on record, American management, labor and the public face the immediate prospect of deliberate though cleverly manipulated work-stoppages designed to frustrate the already seriously lagging production of war equipment. The problem definitely takes top priority on the already formidable list of difficulties within the area of U.S. industrial relations. We cite here some circumstances which complicate the efforts of labor management and the government as they attempt to remove completely the Communist weapon aimed at the very heart of the nation's defense.

The Human Equation

For the casual observer of the current scene the exasperating spectacle of majorities of non-Communist rank-and-file workers returning to union leadership characters who are proven Communists or party-line followers just doesn't make sense. It is almost universally assumed that with the issues so clearly defined the ordinary American anti-Red unionist would quickly remove from office men who have either been cited for contempt or who unashamedly follow Kremlin-dictated policies. Unfortunately, however, most recent contests for union leadership are not simply reducible to a choice between Red and anti-Red candidates.

Communists or Red sympathizers, dedicated to the cause of world revolution and finding the labor movement the most fertile field for their crusading activities, have been and are extremely clever and well-trained organizers. For two decades, at least, these men have identified themselves with the more militant and progressive programs of American organized labor. They have walked the picket lines with strikers, suffered discrimination with workers in anti-union shops, and, in general, kept themselves before their fellow unionists as champions of real or alleged injustices. Playing this rôle to the hilt, they have gained the reputation of having complete devotion to the interests of their specific nationals or locals. This, of course, is precisely the mentality that Commies, shooting for big stakes, have patiently cultivated. And it has paid off, handsomely.

It would seem that in the last analysis failure to dislodge Communists from leadership in vital U.S. unions through the democratic process of the union election and by appeal to patriotism—and in some instances, Catholicism—is ascribable to this fact. The average unionist involved regards these Commie leaders as the best possible negotiators who will get them what they want when they want it. The demonstrable qualifying condition that these same men are agents of a power which opposes all that rank and file workers believe in seems to have little sobering effect on their judgment. In short, unionists who repeatedly return Commies to office in preference to non-Red candidates have been sold a bill of goods and their short-sighted concern for immediate gains have obscured for them the fact that what they are buying is inevitable self-destruction.

Management's Dilemma

Much criticism is directed at that segment of American management which apparently has been content to recognize and negotiate with expelled Communist-led unions. It is maintained that the firms involved should refuse to do business with these groups and insist upon

collective bargaining negotiations with non-Red unions only.

Theoretically, the accusation makes a great deal of sense. After all, the situation which finds representatives of capitalist enterprise facing known party-liners or Reds across a bargaining table is a bit ridiculous. However, it must be remembered that management is bound by law to bargain collectively with the representatives of the union in its plant or industry which, in an N.L.R.B. election, has achieved majority status. Whether or not subversive elements dictate policy in that union, unfortunately (under present law) cannot be advanced by any management group as cause for refusing recognition of such a union as sole bargaining agent.

It may be, of course, that management in some few instances has tried to exploit the discord deriving from Red and anti-Red forces within their respective labor forces. Dissipating potential union bargaining strength by playing one group off against another has been used successfully by American management in the past. But all evidence points to the improbability of this sort of thing, currently. Very simply, American management, confronted with the situation in which a Commie-inspired union has a legal right to demand negotiating rights for the entire labor force of a specific collective bargaining unit, literally has its hands tied. It has no other alternative but to bargain with that group or face a paralyzing strike.

And The Government

Four years ago Senator Taft and the co-author of the Labor Management Act, Representative Hartley, believed that they had discovered the complete answer to Communist infiltration into American unions with their "non-Communist affidavit." The provision that only those unions whose leaders had sworn non-membership in the Communist party could use the facilities of the National Labor Relations Board was held to be an effective check on participation of known Reds in the leadership of American unions. The framers of the Taft-Hartley Act were reminded at the

time that this device might have the direct opposite effect to that intended. And this is exactly what has happened.

Known Reds have frequently resigned their Party membership on the eve of an NLRB election and have thus cleared the way for the legal participation of their respective unions in the balloting. In other instances, Commie leaders have simply stepped aside for non-Communist stooges whose leadership policies they have expertly directed from the immunity of a behind-the-scenes vantage point. Furthermore, many powerful and traditionally anti-Red labor leaders, understandably angered by the implications of the non-Communist oath, refused to sign the affidavit and in their defiance deprived thoroughly non-Communist union groups of recourse to NLRB in disputed bargaining situations.

Prompt Action Needed

Communism's most effective technique is the promotion of confusion among otherwise sincere groups. Certainly, the Reds have successfully applied their diabolic formula in U. S. industrial relations. Prompt action is needed to eliminate this major threat to our security. Labor organizations must institute a vast, intelligently led campaign among American workers with the objective of convincing every U. S. unionist that direct or indirect Communist leadership can result only in the loss of all those rights and privileges that Americans hold dear. And, of course, candidates running in opposition to Communists must match the latter's apparent skill and devotedness by an equal astuteness and ardor for the cause of their constituents. American management must give full cooperation to those unions within their plants that represent bona fide American unionism. Practically, this calls for careful avoidance of the temptation to weaken union strength by any act that might be construed as partial to one side or the other. And, finally, legislation should be enacted that would grant the right to any firm producing defense materiel to refuse bargaining recognition to Communist led unions.

Hot Dog's Tale

by Art Bromirski

WE THE PEOPLE, U.S.A., nibble frankfurters at the rate of about 100 miles an hour! In the course of a twelve month period we put our collective bite on some 12 million dachshund sausages, an average of about 80 for each John Q. Public. Add to this the equivalent of a Pike's Peak of sauerkraut, a Mississippi of mustard and a four-lane highway of rolls stretching from New York to San Francisco, and you become aware of the fact that our annual wienie roast is no small picnic.

The tale of the hot dog is a long one. According to the wurst scholars, the pedigree of our favorite pup can be traced back to the Middle Ages. Originally it came from Frankfort-on-the-Main in Germany. How it found its way to American shores is somewhat of a mystery, but it has been definitely established that it didn't come over on the Mayflower. Sausage breeders maintain that the first litter of Yankee Doodle canines-in-casings was shown to Missourians in Saint Louis in 1883. And this country's been going to the dogs ever since!

Whenever the rolls of frankfurter fame are mustered, the name of Antoine Ludwig Feuchtwanger must head the list. For it was Antoine, a sausage peddler in Saint Louis, who conceived the idea of housing the pup in a kennel of dough. Prior to the invention of this wienerwurst-Edison toward the end of the last century, hot dogs were eaten en dishabille, muzzled firmly between the thumb and forefinger and gingerly snapped up.

The gourmandizing wasn't exactly emilypost-like nor was it free from the danger of third degree burns. Many a bon-vivant's fingers bore blistered testimony to the cauterizing aspects of the new ambrosia. Antoine realized that he had a red hot product, almost too hot

for his customers to handle. Accordingly, he inaugurated the custom of supplying his clientele with white cotton gloves with which to commandeer the franks. Sales zoomed, but buyers walked away with so many gloves that profits dwindled to almost nothing. The granddaddy of hot-dog men searched desperately for a solution and had just made up his mind to go into the glove manufacturing business when he hit upon the idea of wrapping the frankfurter in a roll.

The name "hot dogs" was coined by the famous newspaper cartoonist, Ted Dorgan. He immortalized hot dogs by animating frankfurters in his comic strips and giving them little speeches, which was as close as they ever came to being human.

Since the turn of the century, the frank has come along by leaps and

bounds. It served nobly as a war dog in World War I and, despite the monotonous regularity of its appearance at army chow, it came back from military service more popular than ever before. The advent of the skinless hot dog in 1928 revolutionized the industry and today it is the most important sausage in America, accounting for 25 percent of all sausage production. New York City leads the list as the nation's Number 1 hot dog consuming area and Chicago is in the runner-up spot.

Meat authorities assure us that there is no mystery about the ingredients of frankfurters. They are composed of about 40 percent pork trimmings and 60 percent beef trimmings, spiced with white pepper, sugar, coriander and mace. During processing they are both smoked and cooked. Further, the meat experts state that hot dogs are 96 percent digestible and contain appreciable amounts of proteins, iron, phosphorus, and Vitamins A and B.

Be all this as it may, I know an old lady who always puts the leash on her dog and takes a firm grip on little Rover whenever they're walking within half a mile of the local packinghouse.



"That settles it—tomorrow we get an extension phone!"

the current scene

frank j. ford

Sterner Measures Needed

In a bristling editorial condemning the soft treatment accorded convicted American Commies, the Chicago *Herald-American* insists, "It is simple common sense and it is also sound justice to withdraw the privilege of going free on bail from convicted traitors. By amending the federal Criminal Code, as Rep. Hall of New York has proposed, the courts would be forbidden to extend bail, pending the outcome of an appeal, to any defendant convicted of treason, espionage, sedition or subversive acts. The need for such a revision has been made clear by the success of four of the 11 convicted Communists leaders in evading the prison sentences imposed on them on charges of advocating the overthrow of the government. These men had been permitted to go free on bail pending the outcome of an appeal to the Supreme Court. But instead of surrendering when the Supreme Court upheld their sentences, the four simply vanished.

"For the time being, at least, the four powerful Communist leaders have contemptuously evaded the just punishment imposed on them by a jury and a judge. They have avoided the confinement that would have made them harmless. They are still at large and free to pursue any course of treachery or sabotage against their country that may be dictated to them by their masters in the Kremlin. Obviously, the only way to make sure that individuals convicted of subversive crimes serve the sentences imposed on them is to put them in jail and keep them there until all appeals they make shall have been settled in the higher courts. They do not deserve the privilege of freedom on bail because, as Rep. Hall accurately observes: 'Persons convicted of these crimes against our country are in a special unholy category.'"

"There is, actually, no category of

criminal as low as traitors or as little deserving of consideration," declares the *Herald-American*. "Even murderers, abhorrent as is their crime, are less cruel and unfeeling. Yet convicted murderers are legally *denied* the privilege of bail and even persons charged with murder, but not yet tried, are only rarely admitted to bail. Should traitors who, with their betrayals, secretly and callously endanger the lives of thousands of their fellow citizens, and who strive relentlessly for the destruction of the nation itself, be better treated by the law than ordinary murderers?"

"We must put an end to this ridiculous coddling of these vicious Reds. We must close their every avenue of escape."

Hysteria Derided

"The furor raised in Protestant circles that the sending of a U.S. Ambassador to the Vatican means a union of Church and State is without any foundation," flatly asserts the Rev. John Clarence Petrie, Episcopalian clergyman of Clewiston, Fla. "The hue and cry over the question is as groundless as were the attacks made against Alfred E. Smith in 1928 when he ran for the Presidency and when it was said that his election would amount to putting the Pope in the White House. *Too many Communists are behind the present controversy against the U.S. Ambassador to the Vatican to permit me to remain silent.* Besides, of all the great nations of the world, only the United States and Russia are without representation at the Vatican."

Recommended Reading

Fulton Oursler, convert, author, and editor of *Reader's Digest*, suggests "This is a time when the Bible and its meanings are more important in the United States than ever before. We are living

through the collapse of the false faith of materialism. The men of science and education, who said they could do anything, can't give us what we need most—peace. We must now go to them and give them faith. Let us resolve to bring close to them the great treasure that lies in the Bible—the greatest human interest story ever told."

Divorce On Decrease

For the fifth straight year divorce lawyers are finding "business isn't what it used to be in Cook County," says the Chicago *Daily News*. "The divorce fad that followed the marriage fad during World War II has practically fizzled out. The year 1946 was a prosperous one for lawyers, with a record 18,557 filings for divorce registered in Superior and Circuit courts. Poor business set in in 1947 when only 16,766 petitions for divorce were filed. Divorce bills were reduced to 15,720 in 1948 and to 15,361 in 1949. Using the first 10 months of this year as a guide, it appears that 1951's total divorce bills will add up to at least a few hundred behind the 14,171 filings for 1950. The bumper year for divorce lawyers was 1946, when 16,657 couples walked their own separate ways out of courtrooms."

Pot And Kettle

"There is an element of sour comedy," observes the Chicago *Tribune* "in the report that 'the western democracies,' meaning Truman and his outfit, indigent and socialist Britain, and wobbly France, about a third Communist, are demanding that Gen. Franco modify his Falange regime in Spain 'to make it more palatable' to them. He is supposed to reform if Spain is to be permitted to dip into the American treasury to contribute to the defense against the Moscow despotism."

"Gen. Franco might refer to the mote and the beam," acridly suggests the *Tribune*. "He makes no pretense to dispensing 'democracy,' but he can truthfully say that there are no Hisses in his foreign office and no Communists to speak of either in his government or his country. He has the advantage there of all three countries that presume to instruct him. It may be assumed that there is a fair amount of governmental graft and crookedness in Spain, but the country is certainly no more venal than France and it would compare favorably to the applied Prendergastism in the RFC and the department of internal revenue. We have never had any illusions about Franco and his dispensation, but it is grotesque to find our own spoilsman, the British deadbeats, and the French promoters of communism and anarchy setting themselves up to lecture him about how to run a country."

Statement Lauded

Dr. Eugene Carson Blake, clerk of the general assembly of the Presbyterian church in the United States, expressed thanks recently to the Bishops of the Catholic Church for their statement on deteriorating moral conditions in the nation. In a letter to Cardinal Spellman, he asserted: "I want to assure you of my desire and delight in coöperating in every worthy way with the Roman Catholic Church and with the Roman Catholic people in our common fight against the inroads of humanistic secularism and the attacks of atheistic communism as from within and without they seek to undermine the Christian foundation upon which our freedom, culture, and civilization rest."

Priority For Annie

The much publicized trip of Anna Rosenberg to cheer up the boys in Korea, reminds a midwest reservist of another incident involving that loquacious lady. "Late in June, 1945, while stationed in Germany," he recounts, "I received word through the Red Cross that my mother was seriously injured. My unit speeded me to Paris to obtain immediate return to this country via air.

When I reached Paris, I found it necessary to consult Maj. Angier Biddle-Duke of air transport command to get priority for my return. While seated in his office on June 25, I overheard him talking to Anna Rosenberg. Anna had to be in New York on Saturday, June 26. Maj. Biddle-Duke explained to her that he would take two ambulant wounded off a plane to make room for her and one female traveling companion, *since he did not want her to make the trip alone*. Following this conversation, I was even turned down for a priority IV, on which they usually shipped dogs. Naturally I reveled in Robert S. Allen's and Gen. Patton's accounts of how the general's own bull terrier took a bite out of Mrs. R. It took me five days to finally wrangle a berth on a coast guard ship, which took another six days to reach the United States. I did not take time or effort to determine when or how Anna reached the States, but I rather think it was no later than June 26, 1945."

Family Of Patriots

Few American fathers have laid on the nation's altar a sacrifice equal to that of Maj. John D. Blevins, Sr., a retired Army officer now living at Maryhaven for the Aged in Wilmette, Ill. His four sons have all died fighting for their country. His only daughter, a nun, gave her life in the service of her faith, murdered by the Red horde in China.

Ten years ago Maj. Blevins had lost his wife, but he comforted himself that his five children were left to him. Then in 1942, the first of his sons, Lt. Joseph E. Blevins, a West Point graduate, was killed on Luzon. Lt. Leo L., also a West Pointer, died in battle on Mindanao that same year. In 1943, Sgt. Dennis Blevins was killed on a flight over Munich. In 1948 the daughter, Sister Mary Miriam, was murdered by Chinese Communists. A few months ago Capt. John D. Blevins, Jr., was killed in Korea, and the tragic rôle was complete. Commenting on the glorious record of courage and devotion of the Blevins' family, the *Herald-American* of Chicago observes: "Who, remembering the five young Blevinses, dead in their youth,

and their father, grieving alone, can ever forget that our freedom is bought with blood and sorrow? Who can fail to cherish freedom accordingly and be alert and resolute in its defense?"

Stinging Observations

In answer to the question "What was the best thing you ever did?" Robert Maynard Hutchins, former University of Chicago chancellor, is reported to have replied: "I did not de-emphasize football at the University of Chicago. I abolished it. I am sure that's the best thing I ever did. I do not see the relationship of these highly industrialized affairs of Saturday afternoons to higher learning in America. Football fans demonstrate how badly the Darwinian theory has turned out." Then, turning to what he termed a trend in the United States toward totalitarian thinking through fear of criticism or ostracism from the "well-placed or well-heeled," Hutchins declared "All we can say of American education is that it's a colossal housing project designed to keep young people out of worse places until they are able to go to work."

Husbands Are Human

In a spirited plea for better treatment for the poor, harried American male, columnist Ruark notes, "We husbands are sensitive chaps; quick to weep at injustice, and lonely in our status in a woman's world. We need recognition—some sort of lobby to get us off the awful responsibility of economics and to earn us esteem as a functional part of the community. It is not generally admitted, but husbands are easily as important as miniature French poodles. It is not so much that we are persecuted as that we are ignored except on rent day and grocery-bill reckoning. We are shushed unmercifully, sneered at, and generally treated by wives, mothers and friends as dull cousins who cannot be turned out into the rain, but who must stand quietly in the corner in the presence of wiser elders. I think the time has come to stamp the foot and shake the uxorious finger. Husbands, unite! We have nothing to lose but our wives—or, maybe, our lives."

SIDELINES

with Dick Stedler

THE SCANDAL that has hit sports, particularly the collegiate variety in recent months, has started an endless flow of comment and criticism from all sorts of athletic authorities. They have proposed all kinds of remedies, ranging from complete abandonment of competition to the less harsh solution of controlling the sports via various degrees.

Among the most interesting analysis was that proposed by Father Benedict J. Dudley of Siena College in Albany, N. Y. He maintains that "our educators need the cleansing, not the athletic programs." He traces the major portion of the athletic cancer to the faculties, whose professors, in teaching the concepts of liberty, train students to do as they please without stressing the importance of moral codes or the enforcement of them.

Father Dudley points out that many of the colleges went overboard in helping the youngsters, and although the intentions may have been honest, the mistakes should be obvious to everyone. In brief, he blames the sordid state of collegiate athletic affairs on "kindergarten curriculums" and "auctioned" scholarships.

Basketball, which is the major varsity sport at Siena, has been capably handled at that school, according to Father Dudley. Reasons for this are because the coaches are empowered to check on athletes as to scholarships and drop those not maintaining grades or not actually working at the jobs accompanying scholarships, which also include room, board, and tuition.

All, however, is not hopeless in the case of basketball. Father Dudley believes "that despite the setback, basketball has a tremendous future and can be restored to its period of prominence.

The blame, nevertheless, has not been placed in the proper places."

Powers Is Best

Jimmy Powers, celebrated sportswriter and sports editor of the *New York Daily News*, is equally talented in another phase of sports reporting, namely,



JIMMY POWERS

"... as sincerely as I know how."

describing the Friday night NBC fights to viewers.

Fans across the country who have listened to Jimmy discuss and describe the fights via television are immediately impressed by his knowledge of the game, the inside tips and terms he mentions in casual fashion, and most important, his knack for keeping his lips sealed while letting the cameras cover the action in the ring. That last factor, perhaps, is the most important trick which most sports authorities on the visual medium have yet to master.

Powers, of course, is an old hand at covering sports. It is this advantage which gives him such a decided edge

over his contemporaries who, in the main, are nothing more than converted radio announcers. They don't know sports and make themselves sound ridiculous trying to make an impression on many ring-wise fans who sit ready, willing, and able to call their bluff at the slightest slip of the tongue.

Powers, who also is commentator on telecasts, mostly over WPIX, of hockey, basketball (pro and college), dog and horse shows, rodeos, and other events in Madison Square Garden, comes from a large family in which he is the oldest of ten youngsters. One brother is Rev. Joseph L. Powers, currently on the faculty at Notre Dame. A sister is Sister Teresa Joseph, Dean of Women at Our Lady of the Lake College at San Antonio, Texas.

Jimmy was a three-sport star at Marquette, where he performed in track, football, and baseball. He started studying in a pre-medical course at Ohio State but decided to make newspaper work his career.

Following a brief tenure with the *Cleveland Press*, Powers joined the *New York Daily News* in 1928, where he has worked ever since, excluding 4½ years active duty with the Navy in World War II.

Happily married to an Indiana girl, they are the proud parents of three youngsters, Pat, fourteen, Michael, eleven and Mary Ann, eight. He is a member of the Catholic Institute of the Press, was President of the Association and still serves on its Board of Directors.

For several years, Powers has been teaching at a college level, conducting a course in journalism, radio, and television at Marymount College, Tarrytown, N. Y., where he also resides.

Nearing 50, here's how the modest

sports authority sums up his career:

"I wouldn't be human if I didn't take a certain pride in winning various awards. I got a big kick out of winning the Sigma Delta Chi award as the nation's best sports editor and writer. This is a great national journalism fraternity.

"I also got a thrill out of winning the Dutton Award for the best sports column, on top of the radio and television honors. But, sincerely, my biggest thrill came when, as faculty adviser to the college newspaper at Marymount College, the students in my classes started knocking off cups.

"That does something to make you really proud, working with younger people and then rejoicing when they win national journalism honors.

"I feel the work I'm doing is not work. I love people. I enjoy the company of sportswriters and commentators. I like to write too, and for the fans. Time flies when I am engaged in this fashion. I don't think I have any particular skills. I simply talk and write as simply and as sincerely as I know how."

Alibi lkes

Of all athletes, perhaps the most interesting so far as making excuses are concerned are ballplayers. Fred Russell, a noted Southern sportswriter, compiled a list of the most common excuses taken from a collection by Larry Gilbert of the Nashville Club of the Southern Association. The list reads:

1. "I was looking for a fast ball." (After striking out.)
2. "The sun got in my eyes." (After dropping a fly ball.)
3. "It took a bad hop." (After fumbling a grounder.)
4. "I didn't think he was going to run." (After holding the ball while a runner scored from third.)
5. "My spike hung." (After being thrown out while trying to stretch a base hit.)
6. "I thought there was two out." (After being doubled on a fly ball.)
7. "The ball slipped out of my hand." (After a wild throw.)
8. "The catcher tipped my bat." (After taking a third strike.)

9. "Two of them globes is out in that light out there." (After line drive gets by outfielder.)

10. "Them balls this year is deader'n ever." (After flying out several times.)

11. "These here bats ain't got no wood in them." (After popping out.)

12. "That pitchin' mound needs buildin' up in front." (After making a wild pitch.)

13. "He's pitchin' right outa that sign in center field." (After striking out again.)

14. "The pitcher balked." (After being caught off first.)

15. "I got the uniforms mixed." (After throwing to the wrong base.)

Gilbert believes the prize of them all was uttered by an outfielder on a cloudy day, after he dropped a fly ball. "A drop of rain got in my eye!"

Jest Jottings

Headline: "Limited TV Helped Grid Attendance." That's an interesting

viewpoint, regardless of which way you look at it.

Horace Heckler wishes he could get his work done as quickly as Ray Robinson. And as flawlessly as Jackie!

Warren Giles, new National League president, says he plans to keep a close personal check on his umpires. Giles' policy seems to be that the men in blue who keep in the pink will have a rosy future.

Remember Joe McCluskey, Manhattan College track star of about a decade ago? He now works for a stock brokerage house in New York. Nope, he's not a runner for them.

Harry Lawrence, who coached Bucknell to an undefeated 10-game football season, states: "Our college is as pure as heaven when it comes to football. The young men playing for me come to Bucknell because they are sold on the school." Evidently that "Buck" in Bucknell does not connote the commercialism which most critics of college football are suspicious of these days!

MEMBERSHIP CAMPAIGN

The following program advocated by the Holy Name Union of the Archdiocese of New Orleans and printed in "The Holy Name News Letter" is presented as an example of effective membership planning:

In preparation for the reception of new members of the Holy Name Society, December has been designated by the Most Reverend Archbishop as Membership Month. The campaign will begin with the close of the drive for subscriptions to the Catholic Action of the South newspaper and will close preceding the Rosary Crusade. For this reason the first Sunday of January has this year been chosen as the day for the annual reception ceremony in each of the parish churches.

Since the time of the campaign is short, intensive advance preparations must be made to insure success. The Membership Chairman and his committee must have all the plans formulated in detail so that the drive may begin on the Sunday designated for the opening of the campaign. The block captains and solicitors must be chosen and thoroughly informed of their assignment. Each team of two men will canvass five homes in the block nearest to their own homes. This is important, as the personal contact presupposes an acquaintance and some knowledge of the problems of the prospective members who are visited.

An Official Enrollment Certificate should be given to each new member. Once the member has signed this certificate, thus indicating his intention to fulfill the obligations of the Confraternity, and his membership has been approved by the Spiritual Director and the President, the certificate should be returned to the new member as a permanent record of his enrollment. The Enrollment Certificate is a beautiful testimonial, describing the benefits of the society, with the Holy Name Society emblem head of Christ in the background. The Enrollment Certificate may very fittingly be returned to the new member at the moment that he receives the Holy Name button in the Reception Ceremony and becomes a regular member of the society.

At the December Communion breakfast or meeting all new members should be introduced and given a membership card. The captain who has recruited the new member should be solicitous to introduce him to the old members, accompany him to the monthly meetings for the first three months and remind him personally of the Communion Sunday. All the members should be cordial and fraternal to the new enrolled member and make him feel that he is a really welcome addition to the society. Remember that he is now one of your brothers in Christ.

Korean Homestead

by Garry Cameron, U.S.M.C.

WITH THE FIRST MARINE DIVISION IN KOREA . . . This is the story of Chunchon, South Korea, and of a family which once lived there. It is not a pretty story, but it is one which is oft-repeated. Thousands of Korean families, and hundreds of Korean towns and cities have lived the same story.

Chunchon now exists in name only. Less than a year ago, this city was thriving. It stood in a fertile valley, and was home to 60,000 people. Located approximately ten miles south of the 38th parallel in Central Korea, the city grew from a small native village 50 years ago to become capitol of the Kwangwon-Do province.

During the period of domination by the Japanese, some progress was made. Factories were built, and transportation facilities were improved, but individual ambition was stifled. Advancement and education were forced upon a people unwilling to promote the growth of their imperialistic neighbors. The end of World War II terminated the Japanese rule.

The aftermath—slicing the small peninsula into two camps—is history. Suddenly, flaring chapters have been added. North Korea assumed its position as a dominated satellite, whereas the Republic of South Korea tried to get to its feet with economic assistance from the United States. Individual initiative toward education and free enterprise was encouraged.

Industries formerly at a stalemate began upping production. Approximately one-fifth of the textiles produced in South Korea rolled from the Chunchon mills. Pulp mills were added, new machinery installed, and the growing city became recognized as a paper center. The capitol of Kwangwon-Do boasted a large agricultural college, and four high schools.

THE PEOPLE were becoming well-adjusted to their new freedom. A form of American football, called kick-ball, became a popular sport, and every business or organization had its kick-ball team. Competition became as sharp as that between United States college teams. A motion picture theater provided entertainment and education. Occasionally, stage plays were produced locally, and once a month, a professional group of musicians from Seoul gave concerts.

Religious freedom was an unquestioned right. Buddhists, Puritans, and Catholics worked, played, and lived in complete harmony.

Dong-pin Chi, his wife Soo-Hee, and their five children were an integral part of this city which was undergoing a latter-day renaissance. Chi was 37. Although his education was meager, he was able to set himself up in a household furnishings store. The typical Korean mud huts were disappearing, being replaced by more substantial Japanese-type houses. Houses with several rooms, polished hardwood floors, and strong tile roofs needed appropriate furniture. Chi started his furniture business.

The family thrived. Soo-Hee ran an orderly home. Her daughters, Chong-Jya, 12, and Ha-Jya, 10, attended school, and helped their mother in the home. The boys, Ill-boo, eight, and Jong-hwa, six, also were in school. Taw Hwa, four, completed the family.

Their life had the commonplace air of a family in any United States city.

The seeds of strife, planted five years earlier, burst as the North Koreans stormed across the 38th. Chi and his family fled to the immediate safety of Kwanam, in southwest Korea. When the UN turned back the Communist drive, Chi confidently returned to his shattered business to salvage and rebuild what he

could. Less than two months later, the Chinese were in Chunchon, and Chi once again was forced to leave. This time, he sheltered his frightened family with relatives in Hongchon, to the south.

The see-saw conflict eventually saw United Nations forces back in Chunchon, and Dong-Pin Chi returned. But this time, he could scarcely believe his eyes. The mighty scythe of war had swept across the area four times. Chunchon was obliterated. Bombed, shelled, and napalmed into a twisted pile of debris, there was nothing recognizable. It seemed as if the bowels of the earth had opened and contemptibly spewed forth a foul refuse over the former city.

THAT was what Chi faced when he and his family returned. The little money he had saved for food was gone, his wife and children were reduced to rags. Each was sick, and discouraged beyond measure, but a spark of hope held the family together. Chi managed to shelter his family in what was left of a mud hut ten miles from Chunchon. To provide for his family, he found a job with United States Marines. He is scrubbing pots and pans in a Marine galley.

Civil assistance officers and welfare agencies of the UN are doing what they can to alleviate suffering among these refugees, but Chunchon was only one town, and Chi's was but one family. There are so very many.

What does Chi say? He hopes only that the war will soon end, and that a general election will be held to establish government over all Korea.

Chunchon is back in Chinese hands now. But Marines and other UN forces are advancing toward the rubble city again.

Chi will recognize the rubble even less, for it has been subjected to further shelling and bombing. Chi will return, however, with his family, in company with other families. And they will be trying to restore what they can. What brings them back, again and again, these Koreans? Faith, for one thing. Beyond that, you can answer the question only by putting yourself in their place.

The House of the Assumption

by Frederick Dyer

LAST SPRING I told you how the Blessed Virgin, Star of the Sea and Lady of Maryknoll, had helped me out of a tight spot while I was a naval officer during World War II. You might like to hear how she came to my aid again, on a happier occasion, and in her capacity as Our Lady of the Assumption. My purpose in telling this story, as in the case of my first story, is twofold: to make a public avowal of gratitude, and to increase the faith and hope of others in Our Lady's goodness.

There are three parts to my story, separated one from another by time and place. I shall tell these parts separately, and then at the end tie them together. First, we go to Central America, then to a large office in a building in Washington, D. C., and finally to a house in a suburb of Washington, D. C.

I was married in Guatemala several years ago. That is the little country immediately south of Mexico, and about 1,000 miles from New Orleans. It is bounded by the Atlantic Ocean, Honduras, Costa Rica, San Salvador, and the Pacific Ocean. I state this geography lesson because I have found that most people don't know where it is located. Even a long-distance telephone operator once asked me what state it was in; and frequently I have heard my friends say things which show that they believe it to be alongside Columbia or Peru—which would put it more than a 1,000 miles out of place!

In Guatemala the Spanish custom of using saints' names for persons and places is still followed. *Jesus* (pronounced "Hay-suce") and *Manuel Maria* are not uncommon names for men. There abound dwellings and shops which bear such names as *Villa Concepcion*, *Chalet El Paraiso*, or *Tienda*

El Divino Rostro (the names of the houses are obvious as to meaning in English; the last named means the *Store of the Divine Countenance*). Many of these buildings have medallions or little niches in their facades, usually in the wall space above the front doors, which bear representations of holy persons. These friezes or statuettes portray the Holy Family, the Sacred Heart, the Queen of Angels, and similar holy figures. Such piously intimate names, and such a public display of household devotion is embarrassing to a northerner—at first. Later one becomes used to the custom and even prefers it to the practice in the United States of writing cute names on station-wagons and country homes, such as "Six Sycamores," "Fungus Acres," "Dew Drop Inn" and so forth. In Guatemala holy pictures are also used for advertisements. You step into a bus and your eyes meet a large poster of Christ and the Sacred Heart in bright red. Then under it, but not obtrusively, you see the advertisement: "Mejoral—para dolor de cabeza" (Mejoral for headaches). I think *Mejoral* is a local form of aspirin.

ANOTHER custom, even more touchingly pious, and one now falling into disuse, is the salutation among the Indians and the mestizos of the domestic class, those whose lack of worldly goods keeps them closer to the thoughts of God's saints. One of these knocks on the gate of an old manse and cries out, "Ave Maria purisima." Another servant within answers, "Sin pecado concebida." Surely you can guess the English for this: "Hail Mary most pure"; and the response, "Conceived without sin." It is an edifying custom, and the natives sing out the phrases in a swift but sincere patois.

As I say, these things do not sound natural to our North American ears. On the other hand, they need not distress us. Each to his own customs—though as time passes, I find myself preferring to hear an interchange of religious litany rather than our everlasting U.S. ritual greetings:

"Whadda Giants do today?"

"Three to two and two men on in the ninth."

LONG after I had left Guatemala and its antique customs, and while I was working in a large office in Washington, D. C., I got caught in a discussion about the Pope's promulgation of the Dogma of the Assumption. My friends, "good Catholics," were distressed over it. One of them felt that the Church should be down pedalling miraculous events. Another thought the time inappropriate because it drew more "antagonistic" publicity to the Church. The third man was concerned over the Protestant reaction. He had to face the questions and protests of his good friends among the sects. It seemed to him that now, when all Christians should be uniting against Communism, the Church should not insist on another "divisive" dogma. The very sort of dogma calculated to repel the Protestants!

As I listened to them I sympathized with their views. In fact, I was about to add a few criticisms of my own, when two thoughts flickered feebly in the back of my head. What was the use of argument when the Pope had already announced the dogma and couldn't retract it? And in a choice between the dissatisfactions of these gentlemen and an honor to pay to Our Lady, which was the obvious side to take?

I had a moment of interior struggle.

Then two more thoughts carried the day for me: better to err by honoring Our Lady too much than by being niggardly with her; secondly, if Christ had harsh words for those who failed to "confess Him in public," wouldn't He have the same for those who failed to defend His mother?

I MADE UP my mind to defend the dogma's announcement as best I could. Then an unusual thing happened. Religious people would probably not think it strange, but an ordinary man like myself found it passing strange. This is what it was. As I decided, so tentatively and so cautiously, to stand up for the dogma, I suddenly found myself filled with real faith in it. The whole matter seemed clear and simple. I could see no reasons for doubting it. I felt as though I had always known and believed in the Assumption. My little effort for faith had brought me great faith.

I spoke up with the eloquence born of conviction. I cannot remember all the things I said, but my arguments went something like this: What difference did it make what the Protestants thought? Why shillyshally over one more "stumbling block" to them? It was up to the Protestants to find faith in the Church's teachings, not up to the Church to cover its teachings for the sake of their preferences. Nor did we need their help against Communism. Either Christ was with us or He was not. If He were with us then we needed no one else. If He were not with us, then it made no difference whether we succumbed to Communism or not. Protestant help in either case, however convenient it might appear on a temporary, material basis, was spiritually unavailing and meaningless. Moreover, the Assumption had been no secret for 2,000 years. During that time non-Catholics had the stumbling blocks of the ascension of Elias and the ascension of Christ to believe or not to believe. The resurrection of our own bodies at the Last Judgment was also a matter of dogma. Why balk now at the tradition that Our Lady had been borne into heaven sometime after

Elias, and sometime before our own resurrection?

The trouble with my friends, I pointed out, was that they had been looking at history backwards. They had been unconsciously assuming that a cult had grown up around the Blessed Virgin and after centuries of minor honors had been paid to her, the cult had snowballed its pious beliefs to the extent that bigger and bigger expressions of honor were desired for her, and finally the truth of her bodily ascension into heaven was publicly to be acclaimed. The facts went the other way around. The Assumption had happened 2,000 years ago, and it was one of the big, solid reasons why her position of honor in the Church had started out so high and had remained so.

One more surprise was due me. My friends seemed to accept my arguments without contradiction of further doubts. The grace given me must have been transmitted likewise to them, for, before we parted, I saw agreement and peace in their eyes. They had forgotten their doubts and complaints.

NOW WE come to the house. For a year or so my wife and I had been house hunting. With no luck, of course. We needed a house big enough for our expanding family, we also wanted it near the city and near schools; and yet we could not afford to pay much. We soon found that there was nothing suitable for us within our range of prices, so we re-arranged our apartment as best we could and tried to keep from stumbling over each other, while we waited for a new cycle in the real estate business.

I used to glance over the real estate section in the newspapers from time to time. A glance was usually enough, for I got so that I could tell the price of an advertised house from its address, or guess its address, age, and number of rooms from the price, if listed. One night I noted an advertisement for the sale of a house whose price and location were right for us. "It's either a 1,000 years old, or it is only three rooms and an outdoor privy," I told my wife. I don't think she even bothered to listen

to me read the advertisement, so hopeless had she become.

But that night we visited friends in a part of town near the advertised house, and on our way home I recognized that we were passing the street on which the house was situated. "Let's take a look," I said and turned the car into an unpaved lane that appeared suddenly between vacant lots—a bit of RFD in the middle of the city! We pulled up in front of the only two houses which were on the street. One was a good sized dwelling, the other a narrow box of a house. There was no for sale sign on either.

"At the price, it must be the dinky little house," I said, "so I guess I had the number wrong."

"I thought you said that was the number," said my wife, pointing to the numeral on the gate in front of the larger house.

"That's the number I remember, but it can't be the house."

"There are some wonderful trees," said my wife, "and it is so countrified around here. How far are we from the city and from where you work?"

"We are close to the city," I replied, "a good ten minutes closer than our present apartment."

"It's too late to ring the bell tonight," said my wife, "perhaps we could come back tomorrow?"

"Maybe. I'll check the advertisement again, but I'm sure it can't be this house."

While I was speaking I started the car and began turning it around in the middle of the road. Suddenly, for no apparent reason at all, I recalled vividly the conversation of several weeks, perhaps two months, earlier with my office companions on the dogma of the Assumption. For a moment the scene limned clearly in my mind's eye, and then faded as we drove onto the main boulevard. I had, too, a recurrence of the sense of full faith and trust in Our Lady which I had that day of my defense of the dogma announcement.

When we reached our apartment I dug the newspaper out of the wastebasket and reread the advertisement.

The number was that of the larger house. Still unbelieving the next day, I called the real estate company and asked if the address was correct or a typographical error. He said it was correct.

"How come the low price?" I inquired, "Termites? Or is there a glue factory being built next door?"

"No, no," laughed the agent, "The house is all right. No termites, and the area is grade A residential. But it's an old house, and the street is unpaved. Right now everyone is interested in buying a house of new red brick, rambler style, with picture windows. Also, if you aren't a veteran the credit restrictions make the financing rather tough. So the seller had to put his price at the VA appraisal."

"I think we'd like to see the inside of it," I said, "I'm a veteran, and we need more space for our children than is furnished by the modern, superduper rambler."

SO MY WIFE and I bought the house. It wasn't a simple matter. Many hindrances came up and we did a lot of backing and hauling before the final deed was signed and our last war bond

had left our clutches. We had faith that all would go well, and go well it did. In our hurry to catch the apparent bargain we practically bought the house on faith. So it was after we had moved in that we really found out its advantages: the street was paved a month after we arrived; it turned out to be a dead end street, something most important for a family with small children; the elementary school was only a block from the house; the shopping center and recreation center were within walking distance; my drive to work was halved in distance and time; and the neighbors turned out to be ideal. All these things are significant to me, for they are evidence that our ignorance was guided in the choice of our dwelling.

One day while thinking over these things, I realized that on several of the crucial occasions which had come up during our efforts to purchase the house, I had had recurrences of my recollection of the conversation on the dogma of the Assumption. Each time the recall brought renewed faith and confidence in what we were doing. I could not help but decide that Our Lady had rewarded my brief moment of faith and of argu-

ment in her honor by leading us to the house, helping us buy it, and to live in it and enjoy it. Each day that has gone by has increased my appreciation and my conviction that Our Lady has shown again that she is willing to reward a hundredfold the weakest efforts of her sons. I mentioned this to my wife.

She said, "That night we first looked at the house, I knew it would be ours."

"How did you know that?"

"I don't know. But I was sure of it even while you were wondering if we had the right address. I didn't say anything because I couldn't explain it."

I pondered her statement in silence. I suppose in the matter of deciding which house should be picked for a family the women have the right intuition—and the best understanding of what another woman wants!

Only two things more need be said. First, I repeat that the purpose of this story is to publish my gratitude to Our Lady, and perhaps through it help someone else strengthen his resolution in her service. Second, I suppose I should tell you what we have named the house? We are calling it the *Villa Asuncion*—the House of the Assumption.

An American Prelate

(Continued from page 7.)

himself he was sympathetic to the religious scruples of secluded women in India, Africa and other Asiatic lands. Such women were denied medical aid as they were not permitted to be attended by male doctors. As a result the death rate from childbirth was appalling.

As Catholic sisters were not allowed to practice medicine or do obstetrical work, their missionary labors were severely restricted, and it was impossible at that time to secure the services of sufficient lay women doctors from the United States or elsewhere. Mission societies had been urging the need for nun-doctors on the Holy See for 30 years without result. In 1929 Car-

dinal Dougherty presented his first memorandum on the subject through Cardinal Van Rossum, the Prefect of the Propaganda at the time. In 1935 he presented a second memorandum and it was successful. The Holy Father granted the necessary permission and Medical Missionaries were given the green light to go into action. The Cardinal established the motherhouse of the Society for Catholic Medical Missionaries at Fox Chase in Philadelphia, placing them under his paternal care.

The Archbishop of Philadelphia was given the privilege of leading not only a fruitful but also a very long life. He was 61 years a priest and died on his anniversary of ordination, May 31, 1951. He left the world just as he was preparing to go to the Chancery office for his daily routine of administrative duties. He had, however, been conscious of the fact for some time

that he was slowing down. Being always extremely punctual, he gave orders that the procession from the sacristy for the altar on state occasions would begin five minutes sooner, "As I find I don't walk as fast as I used to," he confessed with a sheepish grin.

Cardinal Dougherty was hailed by clergy around the world as an exemplary Churchman, one who concerned himself with only the Church, its dignity and its work. He took no interest in affairs that did not concern the welfare of the Church or of the people of the world in a spiritual or moral way. As an administrator he was exacting, but he was always harder on himself than on the priests whom he directed. As often he remarked jovially in commenting on his avoidance of national and political affairs, "Running this Archdiocese is a full time job."